TEN CENTS A COPY

The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

VOLUME IX — NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 15, 1933 — NUMBER 39

E. E. CUMMINGS—SELF-PORTRAIT.

The Great "I Am"

THE "blurb" on Mr. E. E. Cummings's latest book, called "Eimi" (Greek for "I Am") is perfectly lucid. It describes "Eimi" as a diary kept during thirty-six days of travel in Russia and elsewhere by a poet-painter, and "one of the most fearless affirmations of spiritual values which literature can boast." Opening the handsome volume at random one reads—

> as we enter The Place, I look up: over
> (all) us a polished slab reflecting upside
> (com(moveunmoving)rades) down.
> Now; a. Pit: here . . . yes—sh!
> under a prismshaped transparency
> lying (tovarish-to-the-waist
> forcelessly shut rightclaw
> leftfin unshut limply
> & a small-not-intense head & face-
> without-wrinkles & a reddish beard).

The context indicates that this is the body of Lenin in his Tomb. And, indeed, a soldier—

> Rightturning us. Who leave The Place
> (whose walls irregularly are splotched
> with red frieze) leave the dumb saccha-
> rine porebowel ripeness of stink . . . we
> climb & climbing we
> 're out.

Is this a new revelation as to how to write English, or a skilful child inventing a gibberish? Is it art or affectation? We asked a critic not unsympathetic with modernism, and we asked a distinguished American novelist whose art is unprejudiced by respect for convention and whose writing would have been called good in any era or any language. For in deciding whether these strange stylistic ships that go sailing past now on every breeze are cargo carriers or only flying Dutchmen it is well to get a craftsman's as well as an interpreter's opinion. You can fool a critic with novelty, but not a craftsman unless the craft is good.

The critic said, "'Eimi,' to the writer of the blurb, may be the 'epic reaction of a human being to a transcendent experience.' I find it (when I can understand the language) no more than a witty, caustic, and really delightful travel book, in which Soviet Russia is taken for a ride. Under a splutter of affectations and bad wit (such as 'nonman' for 'woman' endlessly repeated) I see the outlines of excellent characterization, especially of the Americans that have gone Soviet; and when the writer forgets that he is fearlessly affirming his egoism, he succeeds in spite of himself in writing some exceedingly effective descriptions. This is a Ring-Lardner book in non-English, good

(*Continued on page* 536)

A Master Showman

THE KINGFISH. By WEBSTER SMITH. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1933. $2.50

Reviewed by GEOFFREY PARSONS

IF the art of politics in a democracy ever comes into its own, is observed, studied, learned, and perfected like acting or singing or painting, here is a volume that will surely be used as a case-book in Demogogy A. The author has courageously refused to paint his lily. The incredible Huey emerges lineament by lineament, screech by screech, bearing his paunch before him, revealed through the straightforward recital of deeds and words.

The tale begins with that historic watermelon which Huey as a small boy picking cotton inserted in his bag to increase its weight and his pay. Thereafter he was remunerated by the day instead of by the pound. A private employer, however dumb, is thus alert, as a matter of routine, and his remedy is at hand. The very same employer, multiplied by the hundred thousand and become the People, is a far, far different creature. Often he never sees the watermelon—he is too busy about his own immediate concerns. If he does see it, he does not necessarily care deeply—he may be too much entertained. Or he may be getting his own little slice of watermelon rind.

Here is the other half of the art and practice of politics that needs to be studied and upon which the career of Senator Long, as Mr. Webster Smith has so vividly portrayed it, sheds a glare of light. Anyone reading the book is immediately set to pondering these questions. What is a people, anyway? How could the voters of a great State fall for such obvious grabbing, such cheap effrontery, such awful bunk? Well, they did, and until democracies accept the truth and study themselves with an open mind—as the smart politician studies them—they will continue to live under egregiously blundering and wasteful governments.

"The people is a beast," said a great man of the eighteenth century. When democracy arrived it developed a creed, a faith, and over night the people became an angel. It was sacrilege to doubt the voice of that angel when it spoke. Any restriction upon the right to vote, whether based upon property, or education, or intelligence, was anathema. This was good enough in logic and an obvious swing of the pendulum. If the king could do no wrong, neither could the sovereign that succeeded him.

The hasty reader of this volume will be

(*Continued on page* 535)

Glass Mask

By LAURA BENÉT

PITY me, envious ones
For that I sit within
Like a kept gnat, survey
My kingdom thin.

Molecules make a mole
And shifting atoms, space;
Wherefore I hold a glass
Before my face.

A mirror draws the sun,—
Bright sun makes one forget
Glass can be wondrous clear
Of soot or wet.

Delicate guard, keep me.
A stone one day may fly
Leaving my ravaged deeps
To mercy of the sky.

The Trend of the Turn*

By ADOLF A. BERLE, JR.

IN time of stress, a civilization pauses to take stock of itself. The appraisal is apt to be couched in terms of the major problem. Today, for example, when economic questions are to the fore, appraisals are in terms of the economic problem. But life is a whole unit, not a series of isolated questions, and any real appraisal must take into consideration all of the questions involved—economic, cultural, emotional, esthetic. It was one of Mr. Hoover's soundest instincts to have such appraisals made. It is a standing regret that when the appraisals were made, thinking had not gone far enough to inform the material collected with that imaginative analysis which translates great bodies of knowledge into wisdom.

Easily the greatest attempt at appraisal made during the Hoover régime is embodied in the two volumes, "Recent Social Trends," published a short time ago. It was autumn 1929, when the book was planned. No one had a clear appreciation of what was toward; Mr. Hoover was, properly, interested not merely in what had happened, but in where we were going. Hence the title of the study—a national survey of "social trends." The desire was for an impartial analysis of the facts. The omission was a failure to recognize that facts mean very little, while the point of view upon such facts is determinative in human life. Even factual accuracy is a theoretical concept only; and the use made of facts is a matter of the emotional bias or instinct of a tremendous number of people. This is peculiarly true in a government like the United States, which, fumblingly perhaps, and too often by delayed reaction, does on the whole represent the combined and balanced instincts of the American people,—instincts which over a period of years have proved far sounder than the usual glib condemnation of Congress and all its works would indicate.

* *

Between autumn of 1929 and the date of these presents, America has reëxamined its views on life. The difference between the "prosperity forever" note sounded even as late as 1931, and the stark insistence in President Roosevelt's inaugural speech that material prosperity was a means and not an end; that men must work for ideals and service rather than for money, sufficiently illustrates the clean turn-around. We had, in the decade following the war, sunk into the flesh pots to a surprising degree; hence the cry of many intellectuals when the depression came on, hoping that the depression would last long enough so that the education might be real, rather than that we should get away to another boom and do it all over again. There was something unsatisfactory in the apparently easy life of the decade of billions; more than one man insists now that despite the difficulties of the present time he would not care to go back. This renascence of a desire for objectives which can only be described as spiritual, is hardly foreshadowed in the study of social trends. You find it, of course, in essays like that of Robert Lynd on "The People as Consumers"; to some extent in Keppel's chapter on "The Arts and Social Life." In some ways, Suther-

* RECENT SOCIAL TRENDS. New York: McGraw-Hill Co. 1933. $10.

land's study of "Crime and Punishment" indicates that in the criminological field (which needs it excessively) the ideas were traveling on the line of service to the individual; this is true likewise of the two articles on "Social Work," by Sydnor Walker, and on "Public Welfare Activities," by Howard Odum. Much of the material, however, has the 1929 brand on it—partly because statistics are invariably two or three years behind any possible date of publication, and partly because economic theory has not moved as fast as the public mind in the last three years.

There can be no condemnation of a book of this kind because of its 1929 viewpoint. Even if in the more enlightened year 1933 we determine to revamp in some measure the economic and social structure, we still must work with the tools constructed in the previous decade, the existence of a mine of information as to that machinery is of first assistance in moving forward. What must be done is to interpret the data. One may take an illustration at random. In the chapter on communication there is an essay on automobiles. It is pointed out that the automobile has provided unprecedented motives and opportunities for mobility. This is easy to say; not easy to understand. A mobile population seems at first glance to be a population which can move easily from one place to another, and which wishes to do so. But this implies that the population has no particular attachments to any given locality or place; and that its tastes have changed. It is not easy to develop from this a social trend. But what are the values? Perhaps the very mobility ought to be discouraged; or perhaps it is uneconomic. Perhaps the trend had run its course. It is a matter of interesting fact that the industries revolving around horse-breeding and horse-drawn vehicles are now prosperous for the first time in many years. A trend of the sort developed by the automobile may be a thing which should be discouraged; or perhaps

This Week

"THE KINGFISH"
Reviewed by GEOFFREY PARSONS
"GRAY WOLF"
Reviewed by WILLIAM L. LANGER
"THE NEW CONQUEST OF CENTRAL ASIA"
Reviewed by KERMIT ROOSEVELT
"EVA GAY"
Reviewed by JONATHAN DANIELS
"NEW ROAD"
Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS
"PAPA LA FLEUR"
Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT
"DEMOCRACY IN CRISIS"
Reviewed by HAROLD LASKI
"THE SHORTER OXFORD ENGLISH DICTIONARY"
Reviewed by GEORGE PHILIP KRAPP
"THE LETTERS OF MATTHEW ARNOLD TO CLOUGH"
Reviewed by KARL YOUNG

Next Week, or Later

"EDMUND SPENSER"
By TUCKER BROOKE

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

it should be used, depending upon whether you can adequately cope with the problems mobility creates, and construct an organization or agency able to give guidance to the force thus realized. That particular essay concludes with the observation that communications have integrated in consequence of competitive forces not of social desirability; and that the competition threatens to destroy old and established agencies. Is this a blind force with which we must deal as best we can, or is it a mobile thing, susceptible of guidance towards real civilization?

If we were to put in a single paragraph the difference between the point of view of 1929 and the point of view of 1933, it would probably revolve around the fact that we are slowly learning that the entire economic structure exists to serve the individual, as against a general theory that the individual exists to serve the economic machinery. A man was thought to justify his life by producing or doing business in the days when there was not enough to go round, or when business was the activity most desired to carry on civilization. When there is too much production, when the arrival of a new bushel of wheat, or a new business is a threat rather than a contribution, our man has to re-orient his point of view. If we had the European idea that the cultivated life justifies itself; that men exist (among other things) for the purpose of carrying on and carrying forward great tides of philosophy and esthetic thought, our man, now cut adrift from his normal orientation, would have relatively little to worry about. He would turn to developing his esthetics, his thought, his arts, appreciating them if he could not work at them. But our esthetic tradition does not go so far; and when the economic justification of life is in part withdrawn, we are left to seek a new justification. This we are now doing, in some travail.

One reader of this book, speaking of its economic grouping, observed that it was in a sense "masterless erudition." This is ir comment as far as it goes. One has to cognize the limitation under which acamic students today place themselves—eir endeavor to be objective, non-controversial; to state facts, rather than to interpret them or plead a cause. One may regret that the academic community has fallen out of the habit of interpreting its data; feel (as perhaps many academicians do feel) that the desire for objectivity has been carried entirely too far. But it must be recognized that where many men and many minds have gone into the making of a book, they will probably not agree upon a philosophy or upon a trend; and the masterless quality of the erudition does not detract from the possibility that a master who is not one of the authors, or who might be one of the authors acting in a different capacity, may perhaps reduce much of the work to a serviceable tool.

* *

Today we are faced with a problem in government of first importance. It evolves out of economics; but, like the economic problem, it is more pervasive than mere materialism. Specifically, we are insisting that the government shall evolve machinery for the purpose of guiding economic life so that it shall serve the individual. When you see headlines in the newspapers reporting that the federal government has appointed a dictator of this or that, it is useful to have the background which called that bit of machinery into existence. Governments in this day and age do not blithely rush into the responsibility of controlling finance, industry, agriculture, or the like. The responsibilities are tremendous; the chance of getting into trouble very great; the work out of all reason; the pleasure nil. What has happened has been that responsible factors in banking or industry or agriculture have agreed among themselves that there must be a nucleus of directed activity; that they have been unable to evolve, privately, the machinery to achieve this; and they have appealed to the paramount authority for assistance in solving the problem. Without such background, a "dictatorship" would be a little more than absurd. The dictator would dictate; nothing would happen. As we have no Cossack squads to force obedience, and as obedience by dictation is not an American habit, the dictator would sit on a lonely throne, while the world, at long range, laughed. Only when the area over which he attempts to preside leaps swiftly to make his coördination a success can there be a real result. He is, in a word, an expression—not an imposition.

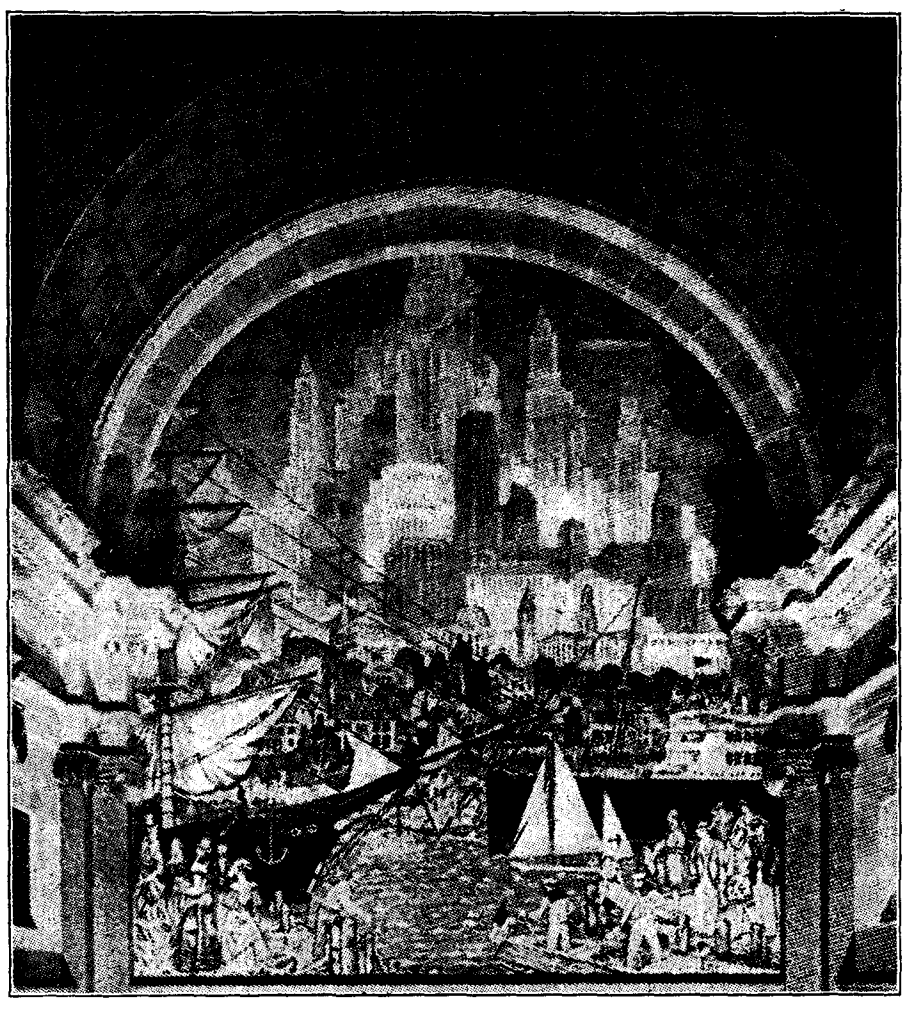
The trend of government since the change of administration has been toward the recognition of these and similar desires. Those most familiar with its history will recognize that for every situation in which the government has developed such machinery there have been a dozen situations in which it has declined to do anything of the sort. It was a legitimate quarrel with the national government during the past few years (as Professor Merriam points out) that it expanded all over the lot, becoming a kind of formless but all-pervasive mass. On further examination, the quarrel was not so much with the expansion of government, but with the fact that in large measure it did not really govern. Had the results justified the expansion, there would have been little or no difficulty. In the decades succeeding the war the American people were apparently willing to tolerate expensive government, but wanted to be let alone; in the year 1933 they want an inexpensive government, but absolutely insist that it shall govern. It is interesting to notice, indeed, that much of the machinery now being used is taken over, adapted, or worked out of the somewhat formless and chaotic machinery devised during the brilliant decade; except that now it is given a directive purpose, whereas then it was struggling to justify its existence. We were formerly interested in the development of techniques — perhaps overinterested, since we were interested in technique as such. Today we are interested in a technique only for what it can do; but we find none the less, that the techniques developed without particular justification are often of extreme utility in handling present problems.

In closing the book, Merriam observes that central control over social and industrial forces is an almost inevitable outcome of the economic development of the time. This is so obviously true that one wonders why such control has not developed before. The writer's quarrel with this analysis is again in terms of comparison and scope, rather than of the objective job done. In handling problems of government, and coming to the conclusion (as one must) that the government's activities have expanded and are likely to expand, the question is left, are we not running into the danger of bureaucracy? Now an observer accustomed to dealing with an entire world, rather than a world split up into the respective subjects of government, economics, sociology, and so forth, might be bothered about this same question, but he would tackle it from a different angle. A government bureau improperly functioning is an everlasting nuisance, and everyone knows it. But so is the corporate administration of, let us say, an electric light company; and everyone knows that. The two are, essentially, the same thing; indeed, the organization of a government bureau could be transposed and planted into a utility corporation without any material change in set-up, and unfortunately in some cases without any material change in efficiency. Yet we do not think of a well run utility—say, the telephone company—as a "bureaucracy." Why, then, fall to trembling if it be assumed for the moment that the government might do the same thing? Why not recognize that within its area the telephone company is a government, and a government by bureaucracy at that; forget about the name "bureaucracy" and consider the function itself, asking merely whether or not it is properly performed to the general satisfaction of the average individual? It is only a matter of history that prevents the post office from being considered a "bureaucracy." While one can admit that there are a good many areas in the postal service which ought to be cleaned up, it remains, nevertheless, about the most dependable service available to anyone, anywhere, for three cents.

The government has two great contributions to make in time of crisis. It conserves the focus of organization in situations where private initiative does not work or where private counsels disagree. It is doing so, for example, in the agricultural situation; and the railroad situation; and is being asked to do so in many other similar situations. In the second place, the government has credit, which within limits can be used to assist situations of great public interest. Let us concede that this

* *

A study of social trends culminating in 1929 would naturally show a terrific rate of change. Men piled up in cities; businesses concentrated in huge corporations; communications integrated; men's lives became involved with the doings of all sorts and kinds of places. It would take a similar study for the decade from 1929 to 1939 to show the results of this process.



"MEN PILED UP IN CITIES" IN THE PERIOD CULMINATING IN 1929.
A mural painting in the Brooklyn Savings Bank.

We know now that this involution was carried to a hazardous point; we are seeing a more or less conscious endeavor to turn back the tide. This may be partly due to the desire for older, happier times; the conscious but naive attempt to reproduce the situation of the peaceful Victorian age, with smaller units, individual businesses, a life on the land, and a multitude of individual homes. In part this is due to a much more sophisticated feeling that under as diffuse a system as our own the life of the skyscraper, of the apartment, of the high-geared big city, of the tremendous industrial unit, is likely to be an unstable equilibrium.

Hence we have developing trends not contained within the sociological viewpoint of Mr. Hoover's encyclopedists. Now the endeavor is to find a method by which individuals can be placed back on the land; by which the Tennessee Valley can be developed in terms of small units; by which natural resources can be husbanded by many individuals instead of developed by high powered industrial processes. Certain railroad plans have been considered, not merely as to their financial and technical possibilities, but as to the danger of stimulating large cities at the expense of smaller towns. Even in matters like education the thought is renewed that it would be well to build on the home as a unit rather than on standardized systems (however individualized in application) applied by experts. From the studies you gather that the people who work with individuals—the experts in education, in health, in social institutions, in farming—realize this; but what appears as a wish in the study of trends as of a couple of years ago, appears today as a movement impelled by powerful forces. Even in discussing national income, where figures are wanting showing the distribution either of national income or of national wealth, to the regret of the commentators in this field (Professors Gay and Wolman), the problem is interesting primarily because of its impact on individuals

hence studies of machinery and methods of education; the institutions of juvenile courts and penology; the mechanisms of health and the like; the techniques of handling persons and problems. As in the economic field, not only is the material valuable, but the processes described were useful. The men of the régime now passing thought of government as an instrument that did something, and their task was to find a good way of doing it. In the more Jacksonian régime which prevails today, government, and with it all the private agencies which, in fact if not in name, do govern, is thought of as a means of education. The job is not to do something for or to someone. The job is to discover a way by which the individual can be taught to do it for himself. Or, to put it differently, the end of government, like the end of a good doctor, is to eliminate the necessity for government as rapidly as possible. Of course this is an unattainable ideal; and the worse mess you happen to be in at any given moment the more government you need. Everyone, for example, who watched the processes of government during the banking crisis was aware that what was needed was not legal machinery, but a focus of common action. I doubt if anyone seriously inquired whether the machinery was legal or not; the question was whether one hundred and twenty million people had reached the point where they were prepared to accept guidance without protest, were prepared to work together toward a solution, and were prepared to enforce whatever was done, not by normal processes of law, jail sentences, and so forth, but by pressure of public opinion on a large scale.

The precise difference between a government which is on a sociologically firm foundation and a government which is not is that the former broadens the base as rapidly as possible. It does this by making its initiative merely the combined initiatives of as large an informed group of individual opinion as it can. A weak government endeavors by force, suppression of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the facts, or otherwise, to place the individual in a position where he can only passively accept what is done for him. You can think of sociological development either as a process proceeding from the top down, or as a process proceeding from the bottom up, with whatever guidance, light, and leading the supposed illuminati can give. The four years intervening between the commencement of this report and its publication happen to have been the years during which a clean shift from one extreme to the other was developed. It is true that the shift was forced. But the very conditions which had been created, and which this report describes, engendered the forces which compelled the change.

It is curious to note how this works in certain respects. Dr. McKenzie, in summing up his study of the rise of metropolitan communities, concluded that the past decade had definitely witnessed the emergence of a metropolitan community or super-city, and that this new entity would characterize national urban life for an indefinite time to come. Messrs. Kolb and Brunner, struggling with the problem of rural life, insisted that the rural community had been drawn into a web from which it could not escape, and that the country was becoming "urbanized" by force of influence, though they conceded that the city might be "ruralized" through the migration of rural elements. Looking at the same data today, we should say that the rural population which migrated to the city became a city population almost overnight, whereas city population taking refuge in the country is not easily deflected from the urban. And yet we should feel that the dominant directive now is not the super-city, but the rural or farming communities; and that the problem in the large is so to handle rural life that it can either become independent of the city or can serve as an accurate counterfoil. The suggestion which appears in "Recent Social Trends" that the farm should once more be made a self-sufficing unit (as it was a hundred years ago) becomes a grim necessity in the years 1933, 1934, lest the relief lines overflow their channels.

* *

One is tempted to continue through the endless vistas which are opened up by this book. Space does not permit this; and it remains merely to say that here is a compilation of source material of the first importance. It has the authenticity of well conserved and well directed scholarship. It has the barrenness of quantitative theory and statistical measurement. It indicates what happened; makes a fair attempt to explain why it happened; and through sheer force of limitation stops short at the question of whether it must continue to happen.

In the old legend of Parsifal, the young man saw the procession of the Grail. He failed to ask the single question, What does this mean?—and was promptly thrown out as being a fool. Through search, experience, pain, and the awakening at last of a mind which could think in high ranges, he was able to win back to the procession of the Grail and then, in form and understanding, was able to achieve that half mystical quality which could turn a great pageant into an act of great service. One has the feeling as these essays go by that this is the procession. It demands the awakened Parsifal to ask its significance; and the conviction grows that a mind sufficiently awake to ask the right question would probably, in the very asking, find the answer.

Adolf A. Berle, Jr., a lawyer and lecturer in law at Columbia University, is joint author of "Modern Corporations and Private Property," a book generally regarded as the most important contribution to economic theory published in 1932.

A statue of Lady Mary Wortley Montague is to be erected in the Seraglio Park, Constantinople. She lived in Turkey from 1716 to 1718, when her husband was Ambassador, and describes Eastern life in her "Letters."

The valet of the Emperor Charles of Austria, Vinzenz Petrik, who has just died, is said to have written some sensational memoirs.

A Man of Single Purpose

GRAY WOLF. MUSTAFA KEMAL. AN INTIMATE STUDY OF A DICTATOR. By H. C. ARMSTRONG. New York: Minton, Balch & Company. 1933. $3.

Reviewed by WILLIAM L. LANGER
Harvard University

"HIS greatness has lain in his knowledge and his acceptance of the narrow limits of his opportunities." This judgment, taken from one of the last pages of Mr. Armstrong's most recent book on modern Turkey, may well be taken as a preface to any discussion of Mustafa Kemal's career, surely one of the most remarkable and memorable in the annals of modern history. A number of biographies of the man have appeared, in German and French as well as in English. Mr. Armstrong knows as much and probably more than any of the other writers

MUSTAFA KEMAL.

who have approached the subject. But I am not prepared to say that he has written the best life of the Turkish dictator. Personally I prefer Dagobert von Mikusch's effort, which is well-informed, discriminating, and critical in a fair way.

Armstrong gives the impression of knowing somewhat more about the *dessous* of recent Turkish developments. He is interested primarily in the rise of the Turkish national hero, in the vicissitudes of his pre-war and wartime career. He goes somewhat more fully into the domestic side of the Turkish problem, and tells much more of the unsavory private life of Mustafa Kemal than any of the other writers. On the other hand, he clearly does not like his subject, even if he admires him. There is too much of a tendency to stress the unlovely aspects, too much of an effort to dwell on the scandalous and the sensational. And the style is anything but attractive. It is abrupt, rather crude, lacking an intimate friendship with words, without appreciation for nuances. Maybe this is intentional. Maybe the author was striving to write a popular book. As an historian I can only bemoan the fact that a man so well placed to write a serious contribution to a difficult subject should have chosen to do a rather tawdry piece of work.

Mustafa Kemal's greatness, says Mr. Armstrong, lay in his knowledge and acceptance of the narrow limits of his opportunities. A rare greatness indeed, for one will look far and wide in historical records for examples of conquerors who knew where to draw the line. Mustafa Kemal has always been a man of single purpose. In the days of the Bloody Sultan he was intent on rescuing his native land from collapse. But he never associated himself closely with the intrigue and wire-pulling of the Committee of Union and Progress. In the days of the world war he fought like a lion (or a gray wolf) and probably did more for his country than a dozen Enver Pashas could have done. In the days of defeat and humiliation he did not lose either his faith or his courage. With almost everything against him he defied his own government and the allies to boot. In the face of unbelievable obstacles he stuck by his one purpose. He worked like a fiend, he prepared with thoroughness, he struck hard when the time came. He won. He won an overwhelming victory. At Lausanne the powers were practically obliged to accept his terms.

But, and this is the important part, his terms were in the main acceptable, for they were reasonable. There was no thought of claiming the immense areas lost to the Ottoman Empire as a result of the world conflict. Mustafa was convinced that the Ottoman Empire was dead. What he was interested in was the living Turkey. He demanded and secured for it independence and the right to live its own life. He deliberately put aside all temptation to wider leadership, all thought of the headship of Islam. His was real statesmanship. The rest—his gloomy and moody temperament, his drinking, his sexual transgressions, his general immorality—these are relatively unimportant in the large sweep of history.

More to the point is the question whether Mustafa Kemal's policy since 1923 has been as wise as his policy prior to that date, whether he has been as distinguished a dictator of Turkey as he was a savior of Turkey. Mr. Armstrong tells a story of fitfulness, of alternate apathy and violent energy, of despondency and of wild enthusiasm. Perhaps it was unwise to abolish the Sultanate and the Caliphate so suddenly; possibly the attack on organized religion was mistaken; maybe the introduction of the Latin alphabet was premature. These are questions which cannot yet be answered. The experiments cost Mustafa Kemal much trouble, which could be overcome only with the harshest methods. But, after all, despite his vagaries, there was a definite program behind his innovations. It is no light matter to take a backward country like Turkey and try to put it in line with the more advanced countries of the West. Very likely the Turkish dictator has made the mistake made by Peter the Great and many others, the mistake of trying to do too much at once, the mistake of attempting to force developments which are dependent on the passage of time. But when all is said and done the sum total of accomplishment will be great, and Mustafa will be praised for his courage and determination. Errors are unavoidable, yet despite his weaknesses and shortcomings there can be little doubt that Mustafa Kemal is the greatest figure the Islamic world has produced since the days of Mehemet Ali a century ago.

A Master Showman

(*Continued from first page*)

inclined to rush to the conclusion that the voters of the State of Louisiana are low-grade morons. That is the feeling of many Americans today. It is the view that makes dictators possible. Yet a more careful study should change this opinion considerably. The student will come to appreciate that he is in the presence of a master showman, one of the really great clowns of his time. By the air of his "sound-trucks" he developed campaigning to a new skilfulness. Through the old device of handing out jobs, free schoolbooks, or what you will, he built up a human machine that rivaled his loudspeaking apparatus in efficiency.

Such are the two sides of the art of politics. Both deserve analysis and study. The first, organization, can obviously be learned. The second is probably beyond learning unless based on an inborn talent. It is clearly the more important and it amounts to the fact that a great politician must be a great actor—of one kind or another. He may be a tragedian, as is Mr. Hitler, the nearest parallel to Huey Long that a serious and much afflicted nation of Europe could discover in its hunger for change. In this skylarking country the instincts of the clown apparently go farther and quicker. Yet dignity and restraint can be equally dramatic and successful, as the career of Calvin Coolidge demonstrated. But the essence of the art is one, however varied its manifestations. It is not enough to be right or devise an able policy. The successful leader in a democracy must do everything in dramatic fashion. All around the clock, day by day, he must seize the eye and grip the attention with word or gesture or deed.

A reading of this book is a liberal education in this unrecognized type of stagecraft. Boldness, a swift sense of how to take advantage of events, is the central gift demanded. Time and again the Kingfish blundered, was losing, seemed down and out. Each time he outmanoeuvered his enemies and turned what seemed certain defeat into a brilliant victory. Indeed, it was upon his blunders that he fattened. The historic pyjamas, that seemed likely at first to laugh him out of office, became his trademark and oriflamme. Let no one scorn this skill. Take that consummate artist of the political stage, "Al" Smith. When he made the ignorant slip of saying "raddio," did he correct it shamefacedly? He did not. He gloried in it, and the mispronunciation became one of his most salient grimaces, an essential part of his political mask.

Whatever the nation, the formula seems to hold. Lloyd George could win one election by soaking the Germans; and the next by letting them off. Huey Long could pursue the Standard Oil Company with an utterly unjust tax until the threat of impeachment closed in on him, and then forget all about it. The first rule of the art of politics is evidently that consistency is unimportant, provided your histrionic talent is great enough. There is the real test. Anyone who dismisses the Kingfish as certain to collapse from his own absurdities, should study the vivid lingo of the man in action. When the impeachment fight was brewing, he remarked: "They have filled the city with enough money to burn up a wet mule." He has been accused of both attempted murder and kidnaping! The latter tight corner he slipped out of by a fantastic trick that would have done credit to Charlie Chan, himself. Tireless, vindictive, fantastic, leaping from pyjamas to cotton nightshirt and back again, he emerges from this book a nightmare of a person for anyone who has the welfare of America at heart.

What to do about him? One thing, as suggested at the outset, is to reconsider democracy with the shibboleths forgotten and determine just what it is that constitutes leadership in a democracy. A new realism might cope with the Longs, a po-

THE KINGFISH.

litical leadership that accepted the dramatic rules of the game and put on a good show, as well as conducted an honest government. The two alternatives are obvious. One is a dictatorship, a frank surrender of the whole democratic ideal. The other is a frank surrender of universal suffrage. America seems set against the former and unready for the latter. Is it too much to hope that such object lessons as the Senator from Louisiana may at least set in motion the realistic study of democracy? Mr. Smith's book deserves to head the shelf of documents for this task. It happens to be swift, excellent reading beside.

A set of the original monthly parts of "Pickwick Papers" has been sold in London for £210. A "Vanity Fair" set went for £125, a copy of George Gissing's "Workers in the Dawn" for £130, and T. E. Lawrence's "Seven Pillars of Wisdom" for £102.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Across Two Continents

TSCHIFFELY'S RIDE. Ten Thousand Miles in the Saddle from Southern Cross to Pole Star. By A. F. Tschiffely. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1933. $3.

Reviewed by Arthur Ruhl

THAT great adventure which carried the Argentine schoolmaster, A. F. Tschiffely, and his two *criello* ponies, the piebald Mancha and the buckskin Gato, ten thousand miles across the mountains, deserts, jungles, and rivers of two continents, from Buenos Aires to Washington, is, in its nature, epic. It had that quality of the ultimate which helps to make anything a classic of its kind. For while men may climb into the stratosphere or dive to the bottom of the ocean or shoot themselves to the moon, perhaps, with the help of machines, there is a limit to what natural man and his animal friends can do on their own unaided feet.

Starting from the Argentine capital, they crossed the pampa in a north-westernly direction, and skipping Chile altogether, climbed the ramparts of the Andes to the top of the world in Bolivia and Peru. They crossed and recrossed the higher Andes, going up as high as 16,000 feet and down to sea-level again in Lima. They threaded aerial trails cut into the rock where a slip meant death, picked their way across canyons on swaying fibre bridges, swam rivers, flood or no flood, fought through mud that came to the ponies' bellies and cut their way through jungles where a whole day might be consumed in making a dozen miles. Bad water or no water at all, anything or nothing in the way of food, fevers, snakes, insects that buzzed in clouds or burrowed, unseen, into their flesh, were part of the day's work.

The two brave horses, with their sturdy legs, short thick necks, and funny Roman noses—the antithesis of the English hunter type—were, of course, just as much, if not more, the heroes than was their hard-bitten but always kindly master. And happily, they, and the whole adventure itself, have found in him a fitting chronicler. Indeed, the simplicity, directness, and manliness of Tschiffely's style so perfectly fit the matter in hand, that the narrative may well become a sort of classic.

Tschiffely saw a lot, in the nature of things. Living as both he and his animals did on the country, in the most literal sense of the word, he got down to the ground as travellers almost never do, and that in not one but in a dozen South and Central American republics. And he tells what he saw and heard, going to the concrete as naturally as Gato and Mancha would make for a measure of oats—if they ever had been lucky enough to light on any such luxury in their irregular rations of native grasses, palm leaves, sugar-cane, and goodness knows what.

He shows by innumerable little examples how the people—not the more or less Europeanized élite of the capitals, but the masses—live and think; and there is sensitiveness to earth and sky, indignation at man's cruelty to man and to animals, and always that warm, humorous comradeship between the rider and his two indomitable friends. But he keeps away, and very properly, from anything like news or topical comment, and above all from fancy writing and all the coquetries and exhibitionism of the professional writer, in particular of some of our white writers of travel yarns when they find themselves among brown or black peoples. The ride is the main thing, as it should be, and of this he writes, with an understatement which amounts, at times, to a sort of unconscious genius, always as a gentleman and horseman.

His book will appeal equally to those who are interested in horses, in the South and Central American countries, or merely in adventure. Tschiffely was lucky to be able to relive so completely, in an age of machine, some of the exploits of modern man's remoter ancestors, and his story is about as refreshing an antidote as one can imagine for the doomsday prophecies, the windy polemics, and general defeatism with which our air is filled.

A Great Expedition

THE NEW CONQUEST OF CENTRAL ASIA. By Roy Chapman Andrews. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1933. $10.

Reviewed by Kermit Roosevelt

VERY many people are deserving of very much credit for the achievements outlined in this volume. To begin with, there is Roy Chapman Andrews who was leader of the conquest, but without such thoroughly capable assistants as Walter Grainger, it would have been impossible for the expedition to accomplish what it did.

CAMELS IN THE SAND-DUNES.
From "The New Conquest of Central Asia."

It was fortunate in more ways than one that Dr. Andrews took the field at the time he did. Today with all the goodwill in the world no museum or group of museums could undertake properly to finance a proposition of this nature. Moreover, even if any such miracle were brought about, the field in which the Asiatic Expedition worked is now very largely closed and shows every sign of remaining so for at least as long as the existing chaotic conditions in China remain uncleared.

The Expedition was in the field from 1921 to 1930 and its labors embraced almost every sort of research in which a museum, such as the American Museum of Natural History, is interested. Andrews, in addition to his general supervision of each and every branch of work, specialized in zoölogy. Walter Grainger's chief interest was in paleontology. Clifford Pope was herpetologist and Nils Nelson archæologist. These men, of course, had many assistants and co-workers, and to endeavor to give credit where credit is due would occupy space larger than can be allotted for this brief summary.

Almost any one can pick up the volume and turn to some section that will particularly fit in with his own interests. If it is hunting, he can find thrilling accounts of the pursuit of the golden fleeced takin of Southern Shensi, or the great wild sheep of the Altai Mountains. He can read of shooting antelope and of how the speed of the wild ass of the desert was determined. If his interests in zoölogy run to smaller game, he can learn of trapping mice and many curious and highly specialized forms of rodents. He can put in his time with the ornithologist collecting birds of every hue and size. If he prefers to read about strange travel and strange cities, he will find plenty to hold his attention. He will hear of adventures with bandits, of long days trekking across the desert or through the mountains, of strange, anthropological customs, of kindness, and of cruelty.

More than any other individual feat, the general public will recall the discovering of the dinosaur eggs. Although this discovery overshadowed the rest of the paleontological discoveries, there were numberless other finds of great value to science. Among these may be mentioned that of the remains of the giant Baluchitherium, the various different types of Protoceratops, one of which was named after Dr. Andrews, the fossil crocodile, and many other finds of equal interest.

Each year when the collecting season was finished, the Expedition returned to its headquarters in Peking and throughout the winter months the results of its summer labors were worked out and put in a form permanently to contribute their conclusions to the world of science. It is hopeless to attempt to give in any way an adequate appreciation of the monumental work accomplished by the expedition. No more can be done here than briefly to outline a few outstanding features. A more thorough valuation can only be gained by studying the volume itself.

Devonshire Types

AS THE SUN SHINES. By Henry Williamson. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1933. $3.

Reviewed by Basil Davenport

IN this book, Mr. Williamson takes us charmingly into his confidence and shows us, if not all, at least many of the stages through which his design for it passed. He tells us how, when he first began his literary career, he hoped to describe the life of a single English laborer so truly, so perfectly as he himself saw it, that his readers should share his pity of the hardships of the laborer's life, his sympathy for its attendant faults, his whole-hearted admiration for its virtues, his tender affection for its humors. He not only tells us about this fascinating and probably impossible design, and gives us some of the pages of the youthful notebooks on which it was to be based; he also gives an account of the practical difficulties of making a living, while the great work is in progress, and illustrates this with a truthful narrative of a visit from some travelling tinkers, and the dressed-up version that he was obliged to make of it in order to sell it to an editor. Finally, he says goodbye to his hope of ever catching the very soul of a laborer, and turns instead to making us see and feel the exact life of a particular Devonshire village, as we should do if we lived there; he wants

HENRY WILLIAMSON.

to portray the people and things in his village without any shadowy, preconceived ideas, but wholly as the sun shines on them.

His book consists of sketches, or essays (there is no exact word for them), which deal alternately with nature or animals, and with the village folk. The chapters about the wild animals have all the sheer magic that one gratefully expects from the author of "Tarka the Otter" and "The Pathway." They are so enchanting that the sections devoted to the villagers may seem at first a little disappointing; the stodgy country folk seem as out of place in the world Mr. Williamson has conjured up as Stephano and Trinculo on Prospero's isle. Much as one admires Mr. Williamson's integrity of purpose, one feels that the fated figures of Hardy, whether or not they exist in reality, are better suited to so beautiful a background.

But this is only at first; as one reads on, Mr. Wiliamson's deep love for his characters soon communicates itself. He has the great gift of the gods so insisted on by the late C. E. Montague, that of enjoying and loving things because they are what they are, loving iron because it is cold and wood because it is warm. Very likely when one has read "As the Sun Shines" as often as one hopes to, every detail will indeed be as vivid to us as to the author. Meantime, this is a perfectly honest, singularly able account of both the people and the countryside in a certain bit of Devon. It is unique.

The Great "I Am"

(*Continued from first page*)

eggs mixed with mock turtle and beaten up with the shells. Ring Lardner writes honest journalism; Mr. Cummings tries to make literature of his journalism by standing on his head and tapping his typewriter with his nose. It is hard to write that way, but the results are sure to be startling. Here," said the critic, "is a good travel book, perhaps the best travel book written on Russia, spoiled by intellectual affectation. Its 'epic reaction' comes from curdled esthetics. When it is clever it is very, very clever, but such writing as—

> And How more busily! labour: night's
> rap (wail) id(ing)LY swallowing; tiny
> d-u-d-e, still beckoning, smallens)
> . . . sToP (said poietes
> Mering dwindles).

gives me a pain."

"Eimi," said the distinguished American novelist, "is the work of a clever man with an intense feeling for his own ego and a weak grasp upon external reality, except in its physical aspects. Egos of that kind must have their backs scratched, and this one will play tricks until it is noticed. You have seen little boys who had rather be spanked than go unnoticed, and little girls who would swallow safety pins in the hope that someone would look at them. Well, Mr. Cummings, fearing that no one will spank him or notice his ingenuity, tosses the English language into the air, plucks out the dirty words as it comes down, and then makes paragraphs out of the fragments. If he would put his talents to honest work, as abler men than he have had to do, he would find this exhibitionism quite unnecessary."

A scholar might add that all this has happened wearisomely before. John Lyly wrote a book that for brilliant affectation and skilful juggling with the English language makes "Eimi" look like a clever sophomore's theme. And now "Euphues" is one of the few books in the world that no one can read. It still lives because Shakespeare's youthful style was nearly ruined by reading it.

The Saturday Review
of Literature

Henry Seidel Canby ..... *Editor*
Noble A. Cathcart ..... *Publisher*
Amy Loveman ..... *Managing Editor*
John Chamberlain . *Assistant Editor*
William Rose Benet, Christopher Morley } *Contributing Editors*

Published weekly by The Saturday Review Co., Inc., 25 W. 45th St., New York, N. Y. Noble A. Cathcart, President and Treasurer; Henry Seidel Canby, Vice-President and Chairman; Amy Loveman, Secretary.

Subscription rates per year, postpaid in the U. S. and Pan-American Postal Union, $3.50; in Canada, $5; in Great Britain, 18 shillings; elsewhere $4.50. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 1, 1879. Vol. 9. No. 39.

The Saturday Review is indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."

The Saturday Review cannot assume responsibility for the return of unsolicited manuscripts submitted without an addressed envelope and the necessary postage.

Copyright, 1933, Saturday Review Co., Inc.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Old Wine in New Bottles

EVA GAY. By EVELYN SCOTT. New York: Harrison Smith & Robert Haas. 1933. $2.50.

Reviewed by JONATHAN DANIELS

FAR more than Ellen Glasgow or Elizabeth Madox Roberts, Miss Evelyn Scott is the articulate voice of the New South. Miss Glasgow and Miss Roberts, who might write in any place or time, write of the South in which they live. Yet Miss Scott, who easily encompasses an entire world in a novel, speaks the South's new voice and new mind. She builds miles of words as fast as the South of the twenties built miles of roads and to the same uncertain ends. Her books, like the rearing skyscrapers run up in every Southern city, are monuments of literary megalomania. With the rest of the South, too, Miss Scott has turned deliberately away from the romantic pattern

EVELYN SCOTT.

of Thomas Nelson Page and turned quite as deliberately to new and equally romantic patterns in terms of the dark and already half-outmoded new psychology.

The truth is that to find Miss Scott's literary origins, the student must look not in the direction of Zola and "Madame Bovary" but beyond Walter Scott at Mrs. Ann Radcliffe and the "Mysteries of Udolpho." Life as Miss Scott follows it in her new novel, "Eva Gay," and her earlier "A Calendar of Sin," is essentially the old tale of beauty in distress, of villains and mysterious caverns, and impending doom. There is the difference, of course, that Miss Scott makes her villains not of ruthless gentlemen with a single understandable lust. Her caverns are never of substantial stone. But in the tradition which Mrs. Radcliffe began in fiction and which Madame Tussaud continued in wax she makes of adolescent sex horrors figures which track and doom mature men and women who have no more business being in such a state of mind than the virgin did in straying into the cave of the chief of the banditti.

In "Eva Gay" Miss Scott begins with the sickening things that another little girl told Eva in the dark of the tool house in a sleepy Southern town and carries Eva through a triangular drama with her two utterly different lovers. But the book is neither so simple nor so swift as that. Miss Scott has adopted the method of following each of these three from their birth to approximately the point of their meeting in the south of France where Eva and Hans Haaska, doctor and writer disillusioned with women, are living, though unmarried, in an approximation of bourgeoise contentment. Hans discovers and befriends Evan Garrett, young New Zealand born painter, whose life has been scarred by war and the loss of his young wife. Both men love Eva, Hans with the wise love of a man who has retained his integrity despite suffering at the hands of women, and Evan with a brutal and obscene insistence. After a long conflict of loyalties in each of the three, Eva goes off with Evan, only to lose him quickly. In the end the reader is not sure whether there remains in store a reunion of Eva and Hans or whether Hans will use the cyanide which, in good romantic fashion, he carries constantly in his vest pocket for just such a purpose.

No one can watch Miss Scott's huge books come out year after year and read them without being impressed with her tremendous literary vitality. While in none of her three chief figures in this book has she succeeded in creating a great character, she has with an amazing mass of detail built the incidents of three diverse and correctly drawn lives. Eva's story grows in the images of Miss Scott's own Southern past, but with equal certainty she has followed the Missouri childhood and wandering life of Hans, the son of a physician who was addicted to drugs, and a mother who clung bitterly to her small town ideal of goodness and religion. No less convincing are the details of Evan's unhappy childhood in New Zealand and London. In their three lives, Miss Scott carries her story with an amazing understanding of locale to Africa and the Antarctic, to New York and London, to Paris and the south of France. In all these scenes she builds minor characters who, in surface at least, are as true as the lands she describes.

In "Eva Gay" Miss Scott has written another big book but not a great one. There is much in it that is distinguished. Sometimes there is a poetic beauty in her prose. But underneath her prose, underneath so great a panorama of places and lives and conflicting ideals, there is somehow the lack of a philosophy strong enough for so much strong material. One feels that Miss Scott has made her sexual complexities and sexual fears in much the spirit that Mrs. Radcliffe devised her more frankly romantic horrors and mysteries. Both ladies are romantic, but Mrs. Radcliffe, despite the calumny that she went insane in the manner of her own well wrought delusions, was a frankly romantic storyteller. A storyteller, and a good one, Miss Scott is, too, but her books give the unfortunate impression that she means to be something more. The truth is that Miss Scott merely frightens with the phallus as Mrs. Radcliffe did with ghosts. The fashion, not the method, has changed.

Early Ohio

NEW ROAD. By MERLE COLBY. New York: The Viking Press. 1933. $2.50.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

IN his first book, "All Ye People," Mr. Colby recited the adventures of an individual—an itinerant preacher—in 1810; in this new book he gives us the adventures of a frontier hamlet in Ohio about a decade later. In economy of material, in dexterity of plot, in concentrated vigor, this second novel marks a long stride forward. Instead of a sprawling picaresque yarn, overloaded with incident, we have the lucid and compressed history of how one enterprising young emigrant joined hands with luck and the westward movement to build a thriving new town on the Maumee River. Mr. Colby knows a great deal of history. Instead of letting it overpower him, he has subordinated it to an athletic tale of a typical bit of community-building in the days of Monroe and the second Adams—in the days when land speculators replaced Indian fighters.

Typical, that is, in most respects. The accidental discovery of a natural townsite near where the Trace crossed the Maumee, with fertile land, timber, water-power, and a main road; the rapid accretion of squatters; the war they fought with Federal authorities eager to sell the land under form of law and at government prices; their troubles with horse-thieving interlopers; the restless decision of half of them to move on farther west when the whim takes them—all this is a tale enacted hundreds of times over in the West, then and later. Mr. Colby makes some of it extremely vivid. The pitched battle between the squatters and the regulars, for example, until the Territorial Governor steps in and quite illegally saves the lands of the former, is described with visualizing energy. So is the hanging of the town's first murderer after a kettle-head trial. So is the first election day. Now and then the reader is likely to be skeptical, for some chapters read as if the product of a kind of literary synthesis rather than of any actual acquaintance with rural life or the Western spirit. It is hard to believe that any Northern Ohio village of that date would establish a bawdy-house before church or school, or tolerate one at all; it is impossible to believe that all pioneers talked with the crisp brevity, the sententiousness, the figures of speech, the sprinkling of Tudor words, which Mr. Colby attributes to his characters without exception. This is not the expert West of Eggleston or of Howells's "The Leatherwood God." But it is a good story, and taken in the large it has sufficient historical truth. It also has one sufficiently real character, the founder and builder of the town, who is penniless in the first paragraph and possesses a thousand acres in the last.

The Good Physician

A MAN NAMED LUKE. By MARCH COST. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1933. $2.50.

IN a vast metaphysical hiding place in which time is obliterated so that in the streets of London the spirits of Queen Elizabeth and a newly dead British eye-ear-nose and throat man pass each other by, Miss March Cost in her first novel, "A Man Named Luke," has concealed with much cleverness and lively fancy a grim and courageous earthly story of love and unnecessary death.

Miss Cost has gone to a great deal of trouble, including the writing of some excellent prose, to escape any obvious handling of her modern story of the Good Physician, St. Luke. Her story seems rather, despite ghosts and timelessness and evil dreams, to be motivated by that less dignified member of the hagiology, St. Valentine. Certainly the love, eternal without so much as the seal of a kiss, of Phoebe Ann, fey and rich, and Mr. Vincent, reserved and scientific, seems shaped in his spirit. Throughout her book in high fantasy and perversity Miss Cost builds the impression that death and pain are little more than the scandalously false comic valentines which bad boys used to send and that love and immortality, properly sought, are as exquisite, if also as insubstantial, as the lace and tinsel of the most intricate of paper protestations sent on the fourteenth of February. Only at the end, and abruptly, does Miss Cost allow the smell of mortality to enter her book. But there death grins with all the tinsel gone. There remains only the mortal tragedy and heroism of a man and a good physician.

The material which Miss Cost has used is the colorful stuff out of which minor poets make rich whimsy of immortality, but her technique is the familiar one of the detective story. To tell her story and the swift uncovering of her secret drama would be a critical betrayal. One must respect a technician's secret even if, as in the present case, he does not approve it.

Working in this elaborately technical pattern, Miss Cost never once directly tells her story. Neither the love making of Phoebe Ann and Mr. Vincent under the chaperonage of the girl's material and encyclopædic father, nor Phoebe Ann's death after Mr. Vincent has operated are ever given directly to the reader. All that comes long afterwards as the weary doctor sits in an armchair first in reverie, then in dream, and at last in death. Not even this indirection of reverie and dream tell the whole story; that Miss Cost saves for the short and staccato scenes in which various persons who had known Vincent in life receive the news of his death and give the facts of life through which the reader sees the reality of his tragedy.

It is not always easy to follow Miss Cost as she carries her story through this elaborate technique and through such necessary cloudy realms as those of memory and of spirit. The reader is constantly caught between seeking hidden meanings in the fantasy and the usually simpler matter of finding the essential meaning of the action. When at last it becomes clear that Miss Cost is writing not so much a poetic fantasy of love and immortality as a story with what has come to be called "an O'Henry ending" the reader is not only shocked at the cruel story but moved with a sense of being the victim of a clever literary deceit.

Nevertheless "A Man Named Luke" is interesting as a *tour de force*, as a literary stunt in writing a realistic tragedy under the surface of a poetic fantasy. But the book is far better than the trick. Miss Cost can write strong, sweet English, and her imagination is rich and sharp. She is a woman with both an observant eye and a mind full of understanding of what she sees. No one could read "A Man Named Luke" and not feel the great promise in it. It is such a promise as does not need to depend upon such cleverness as injures rather than aids the excellent material from which the book is made.

Youth and Age

PAPA LA FLEUR. By ZONA GALE. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1933. $1.50.

Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT

THIS book is, in length and content, scarcely more than a short story; it is confined to a single episode and its consequences; but in spite of its apparent slightness, it is hauntingly evocative of emotions that are hardly to be named, and it sets a fair problem for the intellect. It is concerned with the perennial question of the conflict between the generations, and the rights of each as against the other; and though the book abstains from offering a definite answer, it is the first book for a long time to enlist our sympathies, even partially, against the hard young people and in favor of the tender old father. It may be the beginning of a counter-revolution.

Papa La Fleur, the leading character, is a gentle, appealing old man who lives happily on an island portage with his two

ZONA GALE.

daughters, his bees, and his beloved island itself, happily filling his life. But one of the daughters has once lived in the city, and ever since she has been colder and more aloof, and the confidence between her and Papa La Fleur has been broken. And now the book begins when Papa La Fleur has a chance to sell his island, and his younger daughter wishes him to do so in order that she, too, may go to the remote city. It is this which comes between Papa La Fleur and all he has left, and in the end comes the revelation that the breach between him and the younger daughter was deliberately made by her, not for the sake of anything actual that she wanted, but merely in the instinctive struggle for independence, for separating herself from her home because it was her home. It was perhaps necessary to her; it was from one point of view admirable; but it was undeniably cruel to her father, and in the end tragic for herself; and upon this the book ends.

The atmosphere of almost unearthly peace in which the little island family live at first is exquisitely conveyed; Miss Gale's sense of color is a painter's. Some of the colors of which she speaks are not in the rainbow, they are "like the bloom upon plums or silver." But the peaceful atmosphere is almost too strong; it is better expressed than the emotions that break in upon it; in dealing with the conflict of wills that produces the tragedy, Miss Gale has perhaps muted her strings too much, so that one hardly believes in the breaking of the spell, or feels as one should the contrast between the first tranquillity and the final sadness.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

What of Democracy

DEMOCRACY IN CRISIS. By HAROLD J. LASKI. Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press. 1933. $3.50.

Reviewed by CLAUDE G. BOWERS

THE favorite pastime of a type of intellectual, especially in America, has been to deride democracy. Destructive criticism of all institutions that must have the inherent weaknesses of humanity, is easy, and constructive criticism hard, and this accounts for the derision of the democratic concept without the submission of a substitute. Even so, there is no escape from the conclusion that in operation democracy has developed weaknesses that cannot, and should not, be ignored.

Mr. Laski, in "Democracy in Crisis," evidently prefers democracy to any governmental form now in existence or in contemplation, without blinding himself to its weaknesses in operation. He finds that the democracies of the world certainly have done as well by the people governed as the dictatorships,—military, communistic, or fascist,—and without depriving them of the liberty to think out loud. "It is clear enough," he says, "that any governmental decisions which are built upon the assent of citizens are better than those that rely upon force. . . . Government by persuasion is invariably a more creative adventure than government by violence."

Nor is he impressed with the plan of the technocrats, and some of our intellectuals of the more precious variety, to turn society over to the experimentation of the "experts," having no direct responsibility to the people to be governed. Being an intelligent man, Mr. Laski does not underestimate the vital importance of experts in dealing with the complicated problems of our time. But he realizes the experts' limitations as a governing force. He knows that human problems touching people are not geometrical propositions. No one, in few words, has put the case so well against the substitution of experts for statesmen in government. Thus he says:

> The fundamental issues of society are not the kind of problem the expert is accustomed to handle. They require, not specialization so much as the power to coördinate. They involve judgments of value, predictions about psychological impact, which are the product, not of expert technique, but of a divine common sense which has no necessary connection with it.

All of which means, however, that a statesman, if worth his salt, must understand people, their reactions and limitations, as well as issues, and increasingly must avail himself of expert knowledge for facts; but the application of the facts must be left to the experts in statecraft in the end.

Thus Mr. Laski dismisses as substitutes for democracy, communism, fascism, military dictatorships, government by experts, and then frankly faces the weaknesses of democracy in action. It is easy to make out a case against the operation of democracy today. But some of the evils on which Mr. Laski dwells are negations of democracy, and have no proper relation to it. In touching upon the rather stupid domination in America of certain business men having no real concept of the state and its functions, it is hardly fair, perhaps, to ascribe this to democracy. The philosophy of the type of business men he has in mind is that of privilege. "Specialization in money-making," he says, "has, in fact, gone so far with the business man that he is unable to understand the building of social relationships in which its attainment is not a primary end." And he adds: "In the United States the record of his political activities is a sorry one." And yet, for three generations, a dominant one,—and based upon the Hamiltonian concept of government as a subordinate agency, or at least the political partner, of Big Business. The social, financial, industrial evils Mr. Laski so impressively describes are not inherent in a democracy since they come from privilege which is the very negation of democracy.

While Mr. Laski surveys other democracies with their problems of parliamentary government, we are especially interested in the application of his observations to our own here. He sees the challenge to democracy that Jefferson saw from the beginning. The philosopher, being a practical man as well as a dreamer of dreams, knew that democracy cannot thrive on popular ignorance; that for the success of his system the mass mind must be educated to its opportunities and duties; that government of, by, and for the people calls for a trained leadership. Laski, commenting on the failure of our educational system adequately to prepare the mass of the people for citizenship, reminds us that "all régimes built upon inequality draw their strength from the ignorance of the multitude, and all such régimes seek to make their methods of education such as are least likely to injure their own foundations." He might have added that in this country, only the other day, a powerful group, expecting to wax fat on privilege, was caught in the sorry business of bribing professors of economics in colleges to act as propagandists, and of introducing alleged textbooks, prepared in the counting room of privilege, into the schools. This movement for the utter degradation of the schools and colleges was intended to divert the people from the facts on issues vital to their interest.

It was the firm conviction of Jefferson that if the people are given the facts they may be counted upon generally to act upon them wisely. That explains his interest in the educational system, and in the freedom, and integrity of the press. Mr. Laski puts his finger on what, to me, is the most serious menace to democracy when he discusses the press. Here it is free, as far as government is concerned,—Jefferson saw to that. But it also is free to suppress or write down news, or color it, or distort it. That is the reason that, not long ago, a powerful group bent on privilege at the expense of society as a whole, was found buying up newspapers, under cover, at strategic points. Privilege pays enormous dividends, and it can well afford enormous expenditures in the acquisition of a powerful press for the blinding of the masses of the people to their own interests. The fact that privilege, which is a negation of democracy, has that in mind, as disclosed in the incident mentioned, is one of the menacing features of our time. Unless the people are in position to get the facts, and all the essential facts, democracy must end in failure. The life of democracy demands light. Just what can be done about it, Mr. Laski does not indicate, but when he points to the shortcomings in the agencies of education, the schools, and press, he goes to the heart of the democratic problem.

He ventures on dangerous ground and invites abuse when he implies that the Constitution, so difficult to change, under the interpretations of the courts has, in the opinion of great numbers, been converted into a protective agency of Big Business. The doctrine of implied powers, which Jefferson questioned, and which is so much lauded by the orthodox to the glorification of John Marshall, makes almost anything possible; but Professor Beard has sought to show in "The Economic Origin of the Constitution" that it was framed primarily for the protection of property. Mr. Laski cites the case of Smyth v. Ames as an assumption of "the right of the courts to decide passionate political controversies between business men and legislative assembles in the interest of the former."

But here, again, much depends upon the personnel of the courts. It surely is not controversial to say that we have been trained as a people to believe that only conservatives or ultra-conservatives are proper for the federal judiciary. On what other ground can we explain the stubborn fight against the confirmation of Justice Brandeis who thinks in terms of social justice? Mr. Laski's observations are interesting in the light of Jefferson's fear that the courts would be used as a bulwark against democracy.

We will not subscribe in whole to Mr. Laski's conclusions, or agree with all his observations. But his book has the high merit of being a courageous discussion and provocative. We can stand books of this sort to rattle the dry bones of the sterile minds. Clear-eyed to the weaknesses of democracy, and yet loyal to it, in preference to other systems thus far proposed, it is well worth while.

Claude G. Bowers, the newly appointed Ambassador to Spain, is a journalist of distinction, a prominent figure in Democratic politics, and the author of several excellent historical studies.

The Saturday Review Recommends

This Group of Current Books:

TSCHIFFELY'S RIDE. By A. T. TSCHIFFELY. *Simon & Schuster.*
An account of a trip across two continents on horseback.

EVA GAY. By EVELYN SCOTT. *Smith & Haas.*
A long novel, which is a panorama of persons and places, impressive if not entirely successful.

DEMOCRACY IN CRISIS. By HAROLD LASKI. *University of North Carolina Press.*
A discussion of the trend and manifestation of present-day democracies.

This Less Recent Book:

YOUR MEXICAN HOLIDAY. By ANITA BRENNER, *Putnam.*
A guide to Mexico which is at the same time a readable book

English Vocabulary

THE SHORTER OXFORD ENGLISH DICTIONARY on Historical Principles. Prepared by WILLIAM LITTLE, H. W. FOWLER, J. COULSON. Revised and edited by C. T. ONIONS. Vol. I, A-M; Vol. II, N-Z. New York: Oxford University Press. 1933. 2 vols. $18.

Reviewed by GEORGE PHILIP KRAPP

UNLIKE the earlier draughts from the vast stores of the original and unapproachable "New English Dictionary" which have appeared bearing the magic name of Oxford English dictionaries, the "Shorter Oxford English Dictionary" retains in spirit and in essential content the qualities which have placed the "New English Dictionary" in its proud place as the greatest achievement of modern English scholarship. The "Concise Oxford Dictionary" was the first abbreviation to appear, but this admirable work, now definitely established on its own level as a classic among dictionaries, is a comparatively brief book as dictionaries go, and moreover is a practical work not constructed according to those principles of historical scholarship which give to the unabbreviated "New English Dictionary" its supreme distinction. The "Concise Oxford Dictionary" was followed by the "Pocket Oxford Dictionary of Current English," with its later revision for American use by Mr. Van Santvoord. This is also an excellent dictionary, if not for the pocket, at least for use with one hand, but a molehill to a mountain in comparison with the original "New English Dictionary."

The chief impediments in the way of the wide general use of the original "New English Dictionary" have been its great size, its cost, limiting private ownership to the fortunate few, and to some extent its very virtues. Its amplitude of scholarship no doubt sometimes checks the zeal of readers who have not themselves the leisure and the learning to consult the book profitably in the spirit in which it is written. These obstacles the "Shorter Oxford Dictionary" removes, and now makes it possible for every serious student of the English language to have at his elbow an authoritative statement of the essential facts of the history of the English vocabulary. But obviously this "Shorter English Dictionary" could be made only at the cost of a great deal of compression. The "New English Dictionary" contains 15,000 large quarto pages, the "Shorter Oxford Dictionary" contains 2,500 pages of somewhat smaller size. This reduction in bulk was not attained by any few large eliminations or modifications. The type of the "Shorter Oxford Dictionary" is as readable and as generous as that of the original work. The "New English Dictionary" contains no pictorial illustrations, nor does the "Shorter Oxford Dictionary," and no gains were made therefore in this direction. The abridgment was made, in fact, by the exercise of the most rigorous and meticulous editorial supervision, not with any hope of retaining all the information of the "New English Dictionary," but at least of presenting "a quintessence of those vast materials." The method of the "Shorter Oxford Dictionary" reflects, the editor declares, "exactly that of the principal work."

What then is left in this abridgment which has been reduced to probably not more than one-tenth of the size of the original, is the method, and the materials on a reduced scale of citation and illustration. The vocabulary of the "Shorter Oxford Dictionary" is designed to include "all words in regular literary and colloquial use," with a selection from those of more technical, archaic, dialectal, and obsolete character. In making their selections, the editors may perhaps be thought to have been more generous towards these latter groups than towards the words in regular literary and colloquial use, especially recent and present use.

Naturally a dictionary constructed on historical principles will have a leaning towards a vocabulary that has a more or less extensive historical background, but are not *ace, aileron, blimp, fuselage,* and *nosedive,* to mention only a casual few in one group, sufficiently historical now to find a place in a full record of regular use? And *doughboy,* recorded only for 1685, "a boiled flour dumpling," might well have had its history carried on several centuries later, especially as *doughface,* the following word, is so generous in this respect, noting that the word, first recorded for 1833, was applied to Northern politicians who were too compliant to the South during the Civil War agitation. One would also like to see *alumnus,* 1645, "The nurseling or pupil of any school, university, etc.," brought into somewhat closer relations with present realities, and perhaps one would even go so far as to grant the word *alumna* a place in the history of the English vocabulary.

Probably the largest single elimination of the "Shorter Oxford Dictionary" has been made in the amount of space accorded to quotations illustrating the history and use of the words of the vocabulary. That this could be done without loss, no one would maintain, for the "New English Dictionary," with all its Jovian grandeur of gesture and stride, is not a diffuse work. But whatever philosophers may say of it, when it comes to printing, space is a fixed and ineluctable matter. The "Shorter Oxford Dictionary" will not take the place of the greater "New English Dictionary," nor was it expected that it should. The editors are certainly justified in their hope, however, that "both the student and the general reader will find in this work what they might reasonably expect to find in a historical dictionary of English compressed within 2,500 quarto pages," covering the general English vocabulary from the time of King Alfred to the present. If not a complete substitute for the "New English Dictionary," the "Shorter Oxford English Dictionary" is nevertheless an invaluable introduction to and aid in the use of the larger work.

George Philip Krapp, who is professor of English at Columbia, is an authority on English speech, and the author of a number of books bearing upon it. Among those works are "Modern English in Its Growth and Present Use" and "The English Language in America."

By a regrettable misunderstanding "Broken Arrow" was recently reviewed in these pages. The book is not to be published till September.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HOME OF MATTHEW ARNOLD AT COBHAM, SURREY.

Matthew Arnold

THE LETTERS OF MATTHEW ARNOLD TO ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH. Edited with an introductory study by HOWARD FOSTER LOWRY. New York: Oxford University Press. 1932. $3.

Reviewed by KARL YOUNG
Yale University

THIS exhilarating volume is modestly offered as "the first publication in a study of Matthew Arnold and Arthur Hugh Clough" which Professor Lowry has been carrying on for several years, and which he purposes to carry forward during a number of years to come. The comprehensive project is based primarily upon two remarkable collections of unpublished manuscripts: the Clough Papers (journals, correspondence, and literary drafts), and the Arnold Papers (notebooks, marginalia, and other writings). The book now before us presents a substantial unit from the Clough Papers, consisting essentially in some fifty or sixty letters written by Arnold to Clough. These are introduced by two highly rewarding essays of the editor, and are richly annotated, much of the illustrative matter being published for the first time from related manuscripts.

Since Arnold repeatedly declared Clough to be his chief intellectual intimate, and wrote to him with the abandon of a brother, the new letters inevitably become our first accurate record of the ennobling friendship of the two men, and give us our best single insight into the forming of Arnold's mind. They provide also an abundance of other noteworthy disclosures, such as judgments upon literary contemporaries, elucidations of specific poems, political gossip, a fleeting glimpse of a Marguerite, and an engaging jauntiness in the writer himself. These disclosures clamor for attention and comment, and all will eventually take their places in the literary chronicle of England; but, for the moment, they must give way before weightier considerations of devoted friendship and of general ideas.

Of the firm attachment between Arnold and Clough we are now enabled to distinguish the three phases. During the first, and briefest, of these Clough, who had "passed eight years without a Fault," and was "thanking God for [Dr.] Arnold," employed his Rugby conscience in attempts to regulate the intellectual waywardness of Dr. Arnold's restive son "Matt," who was "full of Parisianisms . . . enters the room with a chanson of Beranger's on his lips . . . breakfasts at 12 . . . has been to Chapel *once*." During the second phase, when both men had entered upon their productivity, Arnold assumed the master's rod, commending the "wholesome abundance," "sincerity," and "instruction" of Clough's writing, but also launching broadsides like these: "A growing sense of the deficiency of the *beautiful* in your poems . . . made me speak as I did . . . I doubt your being an *artist*." "You are too content to *fluctuate*." "You are the most conscientious man I ever knew: but on some lines morbidly so, and it spoils your action." "To *solve* the Universe as you try to do is as irritating as Tennyson's dawdling with its painted shell." In the lamentable absence of Clough's replies to such offerings we cannot speak confidently as to their effect upon his spirit, but one can hardly escape the impression that they contributed something toward the quiet estrangement that hovered over the third phase of the relationship. Arnold's phrases during this last period have a tone of manly devotion and regret: "I really have clung to you in spirit more than to any other man." "I do not think I have increased your stock of happiness."

From the shortcomings imputed to Clough in the course of this hardy friendship one turns willingly to the body of positive ideas which it evoked from Arnold upon the problems of how to live and how to write. From the letters one infers that the revolution of 1848 gave Arnold his first clear realization that England needed an infusion of fresh ideas, and could get it from France:

> It is this—this *wide and deepspread intelligence* that makes the French seem to themselves in the van of Europe. . . . Our weakness is that in an age where all tends to the triumph of the logical absolute reason we neither courageously have thrown ourselves into this movement like the French: nor yet have driven our feet into the solid ground of our individuality as spiritual, poetic, profound *persons*."

Here begins that lifelong homily upon French "curiosity" and clarity which may yet prove to be Arnold's best gift to his Hebraizing countrymen. Of a more personal nature are the evidences of a struggle against "a confused multitudinousness," and a cultivation of the inner life. In stirring confessions Arnold shows himself the moralist who, decade after decade, treasured in his notebooks the sources of his secret meditations, and thus compiled that still unpublished record which Professor Lowry purposes to bring forth as "one of the great devotional books of the world."

For Arnold the problem of how to live was related intimately to the question of how to write, for to him it seemed essential that religion and poetry be united. "Modern poetry," he wrote to Clough, "can only subsist by its *contents:* by becoming a complete *magister vitæ* as the poetry of the ancients did: by including as theirs did, religion with poetry." Hence he assures his friend that he must "choose adequate subjects,"—those which "animate and ennoble." But subject and matter are not enough. The ennobling will depend also upon "a grand style,"—a style which is "the expression of the poet's character," and which has power "to compose and elevate the mind." Elevation such as this is most readily found in Homer: "I read Homer and toujours Homer." And finally the *great* poem will be plain and orderly: it will use only sparingly "the exuberance of expression, the charm, the richness of images, and the felicity, of the Elizabethan poets"; it will not "lose itself in parts and episodes and ornamental work," but will "press forwards to the whole." Thus did Arnold thread his way to that masterly pronouncement which we know as the Preface of 1853.

What, indeed, are the dicta of these letters if not the vigorous first expression of ideas which guided the creation of the poems, and which developed later into the literary, moral, and religious essays? Professor Lowry's new volume, then, is nothing less than a new key to the thought and art of Matthew Arnold.

"The name of Pepys," says the London *Observer*, "appears several times in the London directories, but there is not yet any general agreement as to how the word should be pronounced. A witness in the West London Court recently described himself as 'Peppis,' which is understood to be the form favored by the Earl of Cottenham's family. Both 'Pappis' and 'Peps' have their adherents, but the descendants of the diarist's own family call themselves 'Peeps.'"

Round about Parnassus

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

THE CASE OF WILFRID GIBSON

WILFRID WILSON GIBSON (now signing himself simply Wilfrid Gibson) was one of the Georgian poets just before the Great War. I possess his *Collected Poems* (1905-1925). His *Islands* (Macmillan) is subsequent, like his *The Golden Room* and *Hazards*. Always a realist, and early involved in portraiture of the stricken average, who earn often bitter daily bread, Gibson has proved an extremely fluent poet, usually interesting, more usually to be prized for his matter than for his manner, and the creator of a very few poems that will, I think, have a fairly long life. *Islands* is divided into four sections, "Adventure," "Traffic," "Sails," "Coronach," and "Highland Dawn." This poet is good at description. The first section has a wide range; the poem on some savage tribe drumming in the jungle is a *tour de force* of onomatopoiea. The description of a flier above the clouds, of an avalanche, of sundry other adventurous episodes, is well managed, if some of the poems are rather too long-drawn-out. Section two is much concerned with death, and many of the instances noted are moving. "Sails," the third section has, naturally, much to do with the sea and actual sailing. Among the other elegiac strains in the fourth section, "Coronach" raises one for that glamorous immortal, Rupert Brooke. "Highland Dawn," the last section gives us something of the indwelling mystery and legendry of Scotland. And yet through all this book of many poems I find it hard to pick out one to quote here. A certain edge, which Gibson possessed in his earlier poetry, seems to me to be gone from this deft reporting, and the lyricism is rather faded. Perhaps it is that Gibson has written too much in his day. He was never an innovator in form, and his musings have worn themselves thin and have become repetitive. As I have already said, he has done some notable work in his time, but I should rather go back to his poetic-dramatics in *Daily Bread*, or to his *Thoroughfares* of 1914.

ARIADNE REVISITED

I have tried now several times to muster a brisk interest in F. L. Lucas's *Ariadne* (Macmillan). It is imported from Cambridge, England, a beautiful example of book-making from the Cambridge University Press. The dedication begins:

"Pooh!—from a lover!—this moth-eaten tale!
What *a superannuated nightingale—*
A thing three thousand years old at the least!
You know I'm rather younger! What a feast
Fit for one's grandmother, warranted to bring
Slumbers as sound as the Idylls of the King!
Why will *you waste your—well, we will not say*
'Talents'—your time, on such worn-out child's-play?"

I must say I am inclined to sympathize with the young lady, Prudence, who is supposed to be speaking! The author addresses her a moment later as "Little nymph." The versification of that introduction is pretty limping. Then, when I begin the poem itself, it is to encounter:

Twice, since the dawn, far down the Athenian plain
Had stormed the long white lances of the rain,
While the sword-blades of the lightning, jag on jag,
Plunged and replunged from crag to bellowing crag
High up Hymettus.

Which, to me, as a description of a thunderstorm, leaves a great deal to be desired! In my youth I loved the story of Theseus and Ariadne, and the tale of the Minotaur. And I believe that all old legend can excitingly be brought to life when the proper poet attempts it. But, though Mr. F. L. Lucas is indubitably a gentleman and a scholar, so much of his poem as I could read, seemed to me devoid of that freshness of phrase and power of description that come only through vivid imagination. His images, his simile and metaphor are rubber-stamped. His power of narrative is only average. Probably the story as he has told it does not drop so dead as I have made it sound, but it remains to me one of those interesting attempts in verse, to retell something already told much better, that one always intends to get around to reading, and always evades. Compare it, for instance, with Aldous Huxley's *Leda!*

AS TO THE GREAT

Burton Stevenson, famous as editor of *The Home Book of Verse*, has compiled a new anthology called *Great Americans as Seen by The Poets*, "a ready reference book." It is a faithful culling of everything in American poetry that relates to Great Presidents, Great Statesmen, Great Soldiers, Great Sailors, Great Writers, Great Adventurers, and contains an heroic miscellany that brings in Famous Legends and Famous Rides. In the present day we do not celebrate our Great Bootleggers and Great Racketeers in serious verse, our Great Bank Presidents (even without mention of Atlanta), or our Great Debunkers of the Great. It is, perhaps, just as well. Many famous school poems are here, and there is a modicum of good stuff written, principally, about the time of the Civil War or concerning events in the Civil War. Brownell's "The Bay Fight," for example, is, in the main, a remarkable war poem. But when one chances on "Down on the Little Big Horn," for instance, by Francis Brooks, one yearns for the Indian-fighting authenticity of John G. Neihardt. For this, truly, is terrible:

Down on the Little Big Horn
(O troop forlorn!),
Right into the camp of the Sioux
(What was the muster?)
Two hundred and sixty-two
Went into the fight with Custer,
Went out of the fight with Custer,
Went out at a breath,
Stanch to the death!
Just from the canyon emerging,
Saw they the braves of Sitting Bull surging,
Two thousand and more,
Painted and feathered, thirsting for gore,
Did they shrink and turn back
(Hear how the rifles crack!),
Did they pause for a life,
For a sweetheart or wife?

Such pure and unadulterated blah makes even Henry W. Longfellow's "The Revenge of Rain-in-the-Face" seem epic. To tell the bitter truth, most great men and most great events are but scurvily commemorated in verse. Once in a great while a great man or a great event has inspired a poet actually to write *poetry*. But the instances are so rare that such an anthology as this is doomed from the start to be a cenotaph of heroes and deeds quite inadequately celebrated. In "Whitman's Ride for Oregon," by Hezekiah Butterworth, occurs the great passage:

Yes!—yet that empire he had saved,
And to his post went back to die,—
Went back to die for others' sake,
Went back to die from Washington,
Went back to die for Walla-Walla,
For Idaho and Oregon.

We gather that he went back to die. It makes *me* want to die—for old Walla-Walla.

LISTED BUT NOT TO BE REVIEWED

SECRET SNOW. By Ethel McKenzie. Philadelphia: Roland Swain Company, 1932.
COLUMBIA POETRY. Columbia University Press. 1932.
THE SONG OF SONGS. Arranged by John L. Patterson. Louisville, Ky.
WINDS OF THE WORLD. By Caroline H. W. Foster. Boston: Bruce Humphries.
SILVER PINIONS. By Florence Eakman. Sierra Madre, California.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Likely to be one of the most outstanding books of this year and of years to come."
HUGH WALPOLE

DAVID GARNETT'S

Pocahontas

BY THE AUTHOR OF
LADY INTO FOX

At bookstores, $2.50

HARCOURT, BRACE & CO.
383 MADISON AVE., N.Y.

THE ARYAN PATH
Vol. 4 APRIL, 1933 No. 4

Contents

Plato the Religious Seer — D. L. Murray
Youth and Crime — George W. Wickersham
Knowledge and Action in China — J. W. T. Mason
Is Buddhism a Religion? — Mrs. C. A. F. Rhys Davids
Goethe's Philosophy of the Soul — William Harlan Hale
The Flux of Spirituality — Helen Bryant
Modern Science and the Secret Doctrine, III—Time — Ivor B. Hart
New Books and Old
Unity of Philosophy and Religion — Max Plowman
New Morality and Old — G. R. Malkani
Correspondence
The Origin of Indian Castes — I D. S. Sarma, II R. Naga & Raja Sarma
Mystical Materialism — Francis Engelheart
Thinking—A Faculty — Isabel Stradley

Address Subscription Orders to
THE ARYAN PATH
119 West 57th Street, New York City

One Year (12 Issues) $5.00
6 Months $2.50 Single Copies 50c

"Almost perfect biography ... impossible to know what to praise most." Saturday Review

IVAN THE TERRIBLE

By STEPHEN GRAHAM

The story of Ivan IV—The First of the Tsars.

Illustrated $3.00

YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS

Points of View

Mr. Rascoe Replies*

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

Sir: I am so much in accord with the major sentiments expressed in one of your editorials several weeks ago about books of vulgarization that I am moved to write about one example of this species which I have just read with the most painful labor—painful because it is written in the style of one of those papers prepared and read by one of the ladies of the Hawthorne Literary Self-Help and Contract Bridge Society.

The book is "The Roman Way," by Edith Hamilton. In your pages it received a rather favorable notice. This surprises me, inasmuch as I am aware of your horror of works of vulgarization and of indifferent scholarship and your distress over typographical errors. (Every issue of the *Saturday Review* must give you pain on this score; because it is rare to read a publication so sprinkled with misspellings. In one review denouncing a book because of a few typographical errors, Herodotus was spelled "Heroditus," naïveté was spelled "naïvité," Paolo was spelled "Paulo," and there were two sentences of which the syntax was so appalling that it is only charitable to suppose that the printer left something important out of each of them).

Your ideals are high, however, and expressed with grace and vigor in your editorials. You are quick to voice the crying need; and you are vigilant in denouncing the reprehensible. No sentinel is more alert and sleepless than you are in challenging those who attempt to sneak by, and into, the lines of Culture. You disarm the vulgarians with resolution and dispatch; and if you do not execute them on the spot you send them back where they came from.

Nothing could be more salutary for the mental health and general security of our people. Your editorials, like Messrs. Brisbane's and Lippmann's, sustain me in moments of grievous doubt and make me know and feel and comprehend and apprehend that the barbarians are not yet at the gate and that, even if they were, the Forces of Enlightenment would triumph.

That is why it surprises me that you did not challenge the author of "The Roman Way," whose only claim to scholarship that I can find is the statement on the dust-jacket that she has "published articles and translations in leading magazines." She is not even in "Who's Who," and you know how little is required of one to be tapped for that.

Miss Hamilton's book is a work of vulgarization of that type decried by the late Thomas Spencer Jerome, author of "Aspects of the Study of Roman History," when he wrote:

> . . . attempts have been made repeatedly to describe one phase of Roman life and history by assembling data that belong to another, widely separated by time and circumstance. It is manifestly absurd to regard Roman life and history as static, and yet there has often been a tendency, particularly among writers on moral conditions, to draw a composite picture by quoting scraps of comedy which reflected Greek rather than Roman life, fragments of Cato and Lucretius, Cicero in forensic and familiar moods, the poets of the Augustan renaissance, Quintilian, Pliny, Tacitus, and Plutarch, as if they were contemporaries and wrote of common things. The result in such cases is merely an *a priori* sketch developed from the author's prepossessions and prejudices.

Miss Hamilton attempts to describe the Roman "way" by snippets of Roman comedy, poems, orations, and letters, interspersed with generalizations of her own which are usually absurd to a degree, viz.:

> Rome's monumental achievement, never effaced from the world, was law. . . . The little town on the seven hills conquered the other little towns around her, because her citizens could obey orders. . . . Over the lawless earth where petty tribes were forever fighting other petty tribes for the right to live, where there was nothing more enlightened than tribal customs untold ages old, marched the Roman, bringing with him as certainly as his sword and his lance his idea of an ordered life in which no man and no tribe was free, but all bound to obey an impersonal, absolute authority which imposed the necessity of self-controlled action. Along with the tremendous Roman roads and aqueducts went the ideal of which they were the symbol, civilization, founded and upheld by law.

This is an attempt at eloquence after the precept of Quintilian: the less sense you make, the more the ignorant will imagine you are full of wisdom.

It would be difficult to find a paragraph anywhere, except in "The Roman Way," so full of generalizations that are contrary to the facts as we know them or so foreign to common sense.

1. Her first sentence is a mouthing of the ancient fallacy that England and we, in our turn, derive our law and our laws from the law and the laws of the Roman Republic. England derived only her procedure in equity from the custom established by the Roman assembly. This procedure was only a democratization. Hitherto, in the uncivilized portions of Western Europe and the British Isles, final decision in all matters was left to the king or tribal chief. But this procedure was not originated by the Romans. For hundreds of years it had been a feature of the Athenian city-state. Law has always been a necessary feature of any community. Even savage tribes do not live without those rules of social habit and custom which are the essence of law. The Code of Hammurabi was two thousand years old before Rome's security in Italy was established. The Mosaic laws, the laws of Leviticus, and the laws of Solon and Lycurgus antedated the earliest beginnings of the Roman Republic. Roman law, indeed, it may be argued was a chaos. Roman laws grew to be so numerous and contradictory that under the later republic and under the empire the state was practically lawless and order was preserved only under administrative regulations. Codification of the Roman law was not completed until 533 A.D., when the empire was already in a state of disintegration. (See Dill, "Roman Society in the Last Century of the Western Empire.")

2. Her second sentence assumes that the Carthaginians and the peoples of other nations could not obey orders as well as the Romans. How then does she explain how Hannibal led his hosts across the Alps and defeated the Romans at Cannæ and in other notable battles? The "little town on the seven hills" conquered the other little towns by force and only after many defeats which taught the leaders lessons in the service of supply and in organization.

3. Her third sentence states that "over the lawless earth," except in Rome, there "was nothing more enlightened than tribal customs untold ages old." This is to forget the ancient and highly developed civilizations of Athens, the cities of Asia Minor, of Jerusalem and of Egypt under the Ptolemies,—all devoted more to the arts and to learning and peaceful commerce than to military plunder, and for this reason they went under the Roman sway.

4. The rest of the paragraph is balderdash. Revolt among the Roman legions was common, even among those under Cæsar who ordinarily commanded great loyalty from his troops. The Roman state was established under revolts and internecine warfare. Cæsar himself defied orders and revolted from the decrees of the Senate. When Spartacus led his revolt of the slaves and when Cataline organized his conspiracy, and when Brutus and Cassius assassinated the head of the state, were they obeying "an impersonal, absolute authority which imposed the necessity of self-controlled action"?

Let us take another paragraph from "The Roman Way," selected at random:

> What constitutes Rome's greatness [writes Miss Hamilton, forgetting that she has elsewhere said that what constitutes Rome's greatness was "law"] in the last analysis, is that powerful as these were in her people there was something still more powerful; ingrained in them was the idea of discipline, the soldier's fundamental idea. However fierce the urge of their nature was, the feeling for law and order was deeper, the deepest feeling in them. Their outbreaks were terrible; civil wars such as our world has not seen again; dealings with conquered enemies which are a fearful page in history.

That is like saying, "What made the effect of the Eighteenth Amendment so wonderful was the unanimity with which everybody obeyed it. The Americans were so constituted that legal enactions were sacred to them. They obeyed all laws. No one drank any intoxicating liquor. Bootlegging and rum running became powerful businesses; speakeasies flourished in nearly every block in New York City; beer wars took place all over the country; deaths from poison alcohol occurred on a vast scale, and drunkenness increased enormously."

One is entitled to one's opinion in a work of vulgarization or elsewhere; but, if the *Saturday Review of Literature* is going to war upon deficiencies of scholarship in a book of vulgarization, it will find misstatements and inaccuracies on nearly every page of "The Roman Way." I shall cite one. I take it from Miss Hamilton's "Chronology" in the appendix, where one expects the closest attention to fact.

> A.D. 14—37. Reign of Tiberius—extended law against high treason to include most trivial matters. Rewards given to reformers. Suffocated when near death.

Miss Hamilton has followed the legendary tradition about Tiberius, largely created by the introductory pages of Tacitus's life of Tiberius. No competent scholar has accepted Tacitus's picture of Tiberius since Sievers, Freytag, Stahr, and others first raised the question of the reliability of Tacitus which Voltaire and Napoleon doubted. And the late Thomas Spencer Jerome has proved in detail and conclusively that even on the evidence Tacitus introduces in the biography, Tiberius was an austere, magnanimous, and intelligent emperor; that Tiberius did not extent the law of high treason to include trivial matters, and that what Tacitus says about the rewards given reformers is refuted by his own words. Throughout the empire during the first seven years of Tiberius's reign there was only one execution for high treason and that, even Tacitus says, was a case wherein "there was no doubt of his being guilty of cruelty and extortion." In the course of twenty years of Tiberius's reign there are mentioned only one hundred and five cases of criminal proceedings, in which there were only forty-seven convictions, and of these cases "but a very small number can be charged to Tiberius at all." Surely a very small number of criminal proceedings throughout a great empire during twenty years.

There exist four varying reports of the death of Tiberius and there is no evidence, beyond Tacitus's unreliable word, that he was smothered. Tiberius died at the age of seventy-eight and, even according to Tacitus, in full possession of mind and in vigor of body. This would not indicate that Tiberius was the debauched monster depicted by Tacitus; and from Seneca, Philo, and Josephus, who were contemporaries of Tiberius, we learn that in his youth Tiberius was studious, retiring, and frugal in his habits and that seriousness of mind characterized him throughout his days.

Jerome elaborates upon a characteristic of the Roman mind in which "they relied in reasoning mainly on sophistries and fallacies, on happy phrases and verbal juggling. Most striking is their apparent blindness to contradictions, either in themselves or in others. The juxtaposition of mutually exclusive propositions did not seem to shock them or even to attract their attention." He gives numerous examples of this characteristic, including many from Tacitus. It would seem from the many juxtapositions of mutually exclusive propositions in the pages of "The Roman Way" that Miss Hamilton at least has understood the "way" of Tacitus.

BURTON RASCOE.

* Mr. Rascoe here replies to the criticism of his "Titans of Literature," by Miss Edith Hamilton, published in our issue of December 31, 1932.

An Identification

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

SIR: Readers of Lockhart's "British Agent" will, I think, be interested to turn back to Somerset Maugham's stories, "Behind the Scenes" and "His Excellency," in his book "Ashenden," published in 1927.

It was of course not difficult then to suppose that the character, Sir Herbert Witherspoon, was, or was based on, Sir George Buchanan. But it now seems to me likely that the interview between Lockhart and Buchanan, following Lockhart's attachment for the Russian Jewess, was known at the time to Maugham and used in "Ashenden." Consider the passage in "British Agent" beginning, "He (Buchanan) told me the story of his own life. When he was young . . ." Lockhart, perhaps by oversight, omits these references to Buchanan from his index.

New York City. HOWARD SWIGGETT.

The Chinese way of life and thought based on superstition and belief in the spirit world.

THE MIND OF CHINA

By EDWIN D. HARVEY

Insight into Chinese character through their mythology, and religion.

$3.50

YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the choice of books should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*. As for reasons of space ninety percent of the inquiries cannot be answered in print, a stamped and addressed envelope should be enclosed for reply.

A. D. B., Newtonville, Mass., asks on behalf of a friend making a collection of books about dolls, for the names of books besides these which she already owns: "Drusilla and her Dolls," Rachel Field's "Hitty," Esther Singleton's "Dolls," Anne Parrish's "Floating Island," "Raggedy Ann" and "Raggedy Andy," "Aspects of Child Life," and "Children's Toys of Yesterday."

IT looks as if the doom of dolls as actual playmates were sealed at last. People have been for some time collecting them—I have been contributing off and on to three such collections—and now they collect books about them. Well, they must go back quite a way for one of the best of the bibliography: "Polly Cologne," by Abby Morton Diaz, but the dear creature is still in print (Lothrop) and I believe would exercise her same wild charm even upon a child brought up on plush animals. Next to "Hitty" I would place a fairly ancient work, "The Memoirs of a London Doll," by Richard H. Horne (Macmillan), which was revived for us by Clara Whitehill Hunt some years since, and somewhere toward the top of the list goes "The Tale of Two Mad Mice" (Warne), one of Beatrix Potter's classics, for it was a dolls' house that was raided by the bold Tom Thumb and Huncamunca. In Rose Fyleman's "The Dolls' House" (Doubleday, Doran) the inhabitants have their turn while the live family is away. Doll-loving little girls love "Pretty Polly Perkins" and "The Popover Family," by Ethel Calvert Phillips (Houghton Mifflin), Mrs. Hodgson Burnett's "Racketty Packetty House" (Century), which has been also made into a play for children, and Abby Farwell Brown's "The Lonesomest Doll" (Houghton Mifflin), as well as "The Blue Aunt" and all the stories by Eliza Orne White (Houghton Mifflin) in which dolls appear—indeed, they like all the stories of this delightful writer for children. Children do like "Susanna's Auction," by Boutet de Monvel (Macmillan), which makes me think that the stricter the discipline the more they approve of it—for other children: as for me, I rage at the thought of a father's selling off his daughter's dolls under her very nose, as a penalty for misbehavior. Did the insensate wretch think that dolls were not alive to their mothers, Legree that he was? Wooden toys figure in "Martin the Goose Boy," by Marie Barrenger (Doubleday, Doran), a story of the Black Forest published this season, which gave us also Carol Della Chiesa's "Puppet Parade" (Longmans, Green), already named in the list of marionette books. Before that we had Margery Bianco's "The Little Wooden Doll" (Macmillan) and "Poor Cecco" (Doubleday, Doran), "The Little Wooden Farmer," by Alice Dalgliesh (Macmillan), which is adapted to the uses of very little readers, and William Nicholson's celebrated picture story of the resourceful toy soldier, "Clever Bill" (Doubleday, Doran). A wooden doll is among the family described in Laura E. Richards's "Five Little Mice in a Mouse-Trap," a book dear to my childhood and still in print, though I can't seem to find the name of the publisher. Josephine Gates's "Story of Live Dolls" and "More about Live Dolls" (Bobbs-Merrill) are liked by little girls. In Erick Berry's "Mom Du Jos" (Doubleday, Doran) a doll has adventures in the jungle.

For the collector, Max von Boehn's "Dolls and Puppets" (McKay), named in the marionette list, is indispensable. He will also be the better for Karl Görber's "Children's Toys of Bygone Days" (Batesford) and "Les Poupeés Anciennes," by Claude Sézan (Editions Pittoresques, Paris, 1930), and for "Peeps at the World's Dolls," by Canning-Wright (Macmillan), and Gwen West's "Picture Book of Ancient and Modern Dolls" (Macmillan), though both of these are for children's use. I have been asked by admirers of the big book "Penny Plain, Twopence Coloured" (Macmillan), lately published and telling us all about the cut-out toy theatres and plays of the later Victorians, whether such entertainments were ever commonly on sale in this country. So far as I know, not at all, and I don't see why a series of cut-outs from which a toy theatre could be made, with a library of plays (current or classic) from which characters could be cut and mounted, would not have a public even now. Children still cut out dolls and their clothing, and Mr. Woolworth has provided sheets of soldiers, machinery, trains, and household furnishings for the satisfaction of the scissors-urge. But no one provides theatres for it, and if it be maintained that children would not play with them once they were cut out, they never did, and that is just the point. There are some things, as the Black Girl learned in Mr. Shaw's jungle, for which seeking is at least as important as finding, and art is one of these.

There was at least one of these cut-outs published in England this year: I have been sent, by a fellow-enthusiast, a huge poster on heavy paper suitable for the purpose, giving the full stage, scenery, and characters for "Jack and Jill: an Underground Tale," in colors. It says on it "Price one shilling from 55 Broadway, London SW 1," the publication office of the London Underground, but by this time it may have been caught up by collectors, like the famous Underground Map.

I. A. T., Glendale, Cal., is planning a series of reviews of Russian books and asks for authoritative ones on Modern Russia, and for a good biography of Stalin, not the one by Essad Bey. I am the more happy to turn over responsibility of this choice to a recently published pamphlet in the American Library Association's "Reading with a Purpose" series, because it recommends books I have urged upon readers of this column. This is "Russia, the Soviet Way," by Robert C. Brooks; it costs thirty-five cents by mail from the Association in Chicago, or may be bought at almost any public library. It includes a study outline for twelve meetings, a model of its kind and one on whose general outlines other programs might well be constructed. Besides the six works on conditions and ideals, it lists a number of books rich in personal experience and three novels valuable for light thrown on the Russian scene: Ehrenburg's "Love of Jeanne Ney," Ilin's "Quiet Street," and Romanov's "Three Pairs of Silk Stockings." Isaac Don Levine's "Stalin" (Cosmopolitan Book Company) has been praised by no less an authority than Maurice Hindus.

Speaking of the A. L. A., another instalment of its invaluable A. L. A. Catalogue is out: "A. L. A. Catalogue: 1926-1931," published by the Association, edited by Marion Horton, and containing approximately 3,000 titles of books published between these dates and worthy of inclusion in library collections. The same system of classification and annotation is used, and anyone who does not appreciate how good this is had better try to look up something in a foreign country.

H. E. S., Penn Yan, N. Y., asks for an English grammar, at once recent, comprehensive, and authoritative and priced at five dollars or less, to be used as reference by a teacher "who has had college courses in old and modern English and wishes to be able to turn readily to definite statements on practical points on which ordinary school grammars are too puristic or unscholarly." This seems to me to call for George Oliver Curme's "Syntax" (Heath, $5), the third volume of a grammar of the English language whose first two volumes are in preparation. It considers American and British English, their likenesses and differences, and illustrates from modern use as well as by classical examples. It is comprehensive, and its arrangement such that any statement may be readily and rapidly found. I keep this book on hand as an emergency umpire.

W. C. G., Burlington, Iowa, says "I have read a most excellent book of ghost stories by H. R. Wakefield called "They Return at Evening" (Appleton). What other books, if any, have been published in America by this writer, and by whom?" There is another volume of those ghost stories, by Herbert Russell Wakefield, "Others Who Returned: Fifteen Disturbing Stories" (Appleton), which might be a good thing for night watchmen or nurses on duty requiring them not to sleep. Though on second thoughts, perhaps they had better be read by reassuring sunlight. Appleton also publishes his "Happy Ever After" and another of which I know no more than its inviting title, "Imagine a Man in a Box." He has also published in England a story "Gallimaufry" (Allen), and an account of the famous "Green Bicycle Case" (Allen) in which Ronald Light was defendant; this is one of the *causes célébres* included in Marjoribanks's "For the Defense" (Macmillan).

M. M., Long Island City, N. Y., asks for a practical book an amateur may use on cleaning and refinishing fine furniture, and one with instructions for staining and finishing unpainted furniture. "Knowing, Collecting and Restoring Early American Furniture," by H. H. Taylor (Lippincott), is a standard work valuable on all points; the information on cleaning and refinishing is included with instructions for the collector, who is also advised on the detection of fakes. There are many half-tones and line drawings. There is an exhaustive treatment of processes, materials and tools of painting wood surfaces in "The Boy Builder" by Edwin T. Hamilton (Harcourt, Brace), the successor to his popular "Handicrafts for Girls" and quite as spirited. It tells everything about working in wood, its feature being that the boy is shown how to make things he will himself use, and use for doing something. An earlier hand-book of "Craft Work," by Edna S. Cave (Century), includes the painting and decoration of furniture; this is a guide for teachers or club-leaders.

Is this the proper way to group these beauteous blooms? Two guesses— Then go to your bookseller and get your copy of

The Arrangement of Flowers by Mrs. Walter R. Hine

In which a leading authority on the subject, winner of numerous Flower Show prizes, tells in practical, simple and economical terms, with loads of gorgeous photographic examples, how to make flowers look their prettiest— how, as it were, to make an arrangement of one daffodil and 2 Johnny-Jump-Ups look like the Flower Show in full cry. $2.50 at all bookstores — SCRIBNERS

Adventures in the Use of Leisure

Time to LIVE

By GOVE HAMBIDGE

A man who quit his job for the uncertainties of free-lancing and life in the country tells of his own experiments in living and of the countless uses and enjoyments of leisure. The thousands of people who yearn for a return to a simpler way of life will find practical help and inspiration in this new adventure in contentment. $1.50

WHITTLESEY HOUSE
McGraw-Hill Building *New York*

HELEN OF TROY

was her friend. For readers who enjoy Thornton Wilder—Gertrude Atherton—John Erskine—Maude Meagher offers this fast-moving, richly colored, magnificently told story of the famous warrior women of antiquity.

A novel that makes yesterday as vital as today, as modern as tomorrow. $2.00

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY

The Fascinating Study of a Great Mind in the Making

THE EDUCATION OF SHAKESPEARE

By GEORGE A. PLIMPTON

Mr. Plimpton has drawn on his unique collection of early school books to show with plentiful illustrations the actual grammars, editions of the classics, etcetera, from which Shakespeare probably derived his education. An enlightening and vastly interesting study. $2.00

Oxford University Press
114 Fifth Avenue New York

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A distinguished American novelist

REX STOUT

explores the hidden forces of life in a great novel

FOREST FIRE

In the forest reserves of Montana, the emotions and deep inhibitions of four people were tinder as dry as the trees themselves one waterless summer. Stanley, whose wife called him "snub-nosed gelding"; Harry, young adventurer from the East; Dorothy, looking for emotional and physical thrills—thrown together, they struck forth a spark which brought tragedy to two of them, which made the forest a red-mouthed inferno. This novel rips aside the film of normality covering the deranged mentalities of sexually-starved people living in a circumscribed, primitive environment.

At all bookstores, $2

FARRAR & RINEHART — Publishers — NEW YORK

THE STREET OF THE SANDALMAKERS

By NIS PETERSEN

A stirring romance of the Rome of Marcus Aurelius when the Eternal City indulged in continual revel while waiting the Barbarian onslaught from the North.

The book which has been an instant success in fourteen separate countries!

RUTH
The Beautiful Slave-Girl

MARCELLUS
Son of Her Patrician Master

MAES
The Gladiator, "Perfect Man"

At All Bookstores
$2.50

MACMILLAN

MOTHER SARA
Matron of The Slave Quarters

x x x x x x x x x Clues x x

Every week The Criminal Record lines up the new mystery stories—takes their fingerprints—and puts them on the blotter. Here are the clues you need to track down the best detective novels. This week The Criminal Record appears on this page of The Saturday Review.

The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received.

Biography

WALT WHITMAN AND THE CIVIL WAR. By CHARLES I. GLICKSBERG. University of Pennsylvania Press. 1933. $2.50.

This is not a comprehensive study of the significance of the Civil War in Whitman's life and work, for it makes little use of earlier publications by or about Whitman concerning this period. With a narrower plan, it is an excellent piece of research work, designed to fill in biographical gaps by publishing newly discovered journalistic writings which Whitman wrote over the pseudonym "Velsor Brush," manuscript notebooks dealing with the Civil War and Whitman's hospital work, and a score of letters written by him to his mother, to Mrs. Abby Price, to Trowbridge, and others. Some of the material, especially the letters, is dated after the war and has little connection with it.

Not all of the seven "City Photographs" which Whitman wrote for the New York *Leader* in 1862, and which fill approximately one third of the pages of the volume, deal with the war, either, sketches being devoted to the Bowery, the Bowery Theatre, and the beer gardens. Several describe Whitman's interest in the Bowery hospital long before he became a nurse in the military hospitals at Washington, and thus in a measure mitigate the charge of his aloofness from the war during its first years. Welcome light is thrown on Whitman's personal knowledge of the war and the inspiration of his war poems. A brief chapter is devoted to Whitman and Lincoln; here and elsewhere Mr. Glicksberg challenges the conclusions of Dr. Barton's "Abraham Lincoln and Walt Whitman." Copiously annotated and carefully indexed, the book will be welcomed to the shelves of all Whitman students.

Fiction

THE FORBIDDEN TREE. By ELIZABETH MOORHEAD. Bobbs-Merrill. 1933. $2.

Perhaps nothing in current literature so effectively demonstrates the extent of the revolution in sex *mores* during the present century as such a novel as this. It is not the product of a "flaming youth," nor of an exotic writer with an Oriental background, but the work of a mature woman, who has been a teacher for many years, and whose traditions are rooted in the older New England. Its atmosphere is definitely academic, most of the action being staged in a new university (Pittsburgh), and its underlying philosophy of life is by no means "radical." Yet it could not have been written twenty years ago. It is never indecorous, but is capable of plain enough speech and has no trace of prudery.

The hero of the story is a young instructor of the English department of the university, a product of Harvard and son of a New England clergyman. The core of the plot is his entanglement with a girl student, who finally cuts the knot of her troubles by committing suicide. The story is well built and fluently written.

THE NEW BRIDGE. By MEYER LEVIN. Covici, Friede. 1933. $2.

This novel starts off as if it were going somewhere, but ends as if in the interim the author had lost sight of his objective. It tells of a laborer who has lost his job and is threatened with eviction from his apartment, and of a wealthy man who loses all his property because of the depression. The plot is so arranged that the laborer lives in the block of apartment houses owned by the wealthy man. After a tenants' committee is formed by the neighbors to prevent the laborer's eviction, and a boy is killed, the laborer goes on a mad expedition to shoot the landlord. He gives up his intention, however, and later meets the man on Washington Bridge, where the two reach a sort of mystical understanding.

If the novel has a thesis, it is that the laborer and the landlord both feel in the way ordinary human beings feel about wealth and poverty, family life and responsibility, love and sympathy and affection. Levin attempts to synthesize the experience of the rich and the poor man on this ground. It is not the proper ground for resolution of their conflict—as radicals, utopians, and liberals perfectly understand, and have been saying for a long time. The trouble is not with humanity *per se*, they all agree, but with the distribution of human beings in a social organization.

Levin creates real characters in the neighbors who live in the apartment house, and he writes a flexible, vivid, and, at times, moving prose. The first chapters show he has the talents of a real storyteller. We feel that he can do much better novels than this one.

DRAMA

Autumn Crocus. L. L. Anthony. French. $1.25.
The Late Christopher Bean. S. Howard. French. $2.

FOREIGN

Grundzüge einer Allgemeinen Biologie. Stuttgart: Enke.

INTERNATIONAL

Black Bagdad. J. H. Craige. Mint., Balch. $3.
The Inter-dependent World and Its Problems. R. Muir. Hought. Mif. $1.75. *The New Russia.* Ed. J. Davis. Day. $2.50

POETRY

Opposites. L. Kellogg. Mosher.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
MURDER COMES HOME *Nellise Childs* (Knopf: $2).	One major, four minor murders; millionaire's *rancho* in Cal.; Los Angeles police detective.	Good "atmosphere"; suspense holds up with slight "unlax" at end; criminal almost unguessable; deduction sound.	Swell
THE DEVIL'S PASSPORT *Gordon Young* (Century: $2).	Master criminal working from Paris den, kills, robs, and tortures until quelled by Don Everhard.	More gun-play, knife-work, and bing-bang melodrama than detection. An out and out thriller.	Good—of its kind
THE STRANGE CASE OF DR. EARLE *F. W. Crofts* Dodd, Mead: $2).	Sudden disappearance of English M.D. and house guest enlists Inspector French, who finds four corpses.	Sixty-one clues to minute, each followed to bitter end. For readers who like 'em hard and don't skip.	Excellent
THE FOUR SQUARE MURDER *David Hume* (McBride: $2).	Deserted English mansion houses, four cadavers, and the Yard gets busy.	Only the comic touches redeem it. Starts well but peters out in miserable melodrama.	Up the River
HAGS NOOK *John Dickson Carr* (Harper: $2).	Abandoned prison in English village sees a murder which an old professor and a young American solve.	A "family curse" affair with satisfactorily gruesome Gothic atmosphere and plenty of chills. Not much "detecting."	Good
THE FATE OF JANE MACKENZIE *Nancy Barr Mavity* (Crime Club: $2).	Wealthy W. C. T. U. mainstay disappears in California mountains. Kidnapped or murdered? Peter Piper, demon reporter, investigates.	Perfunctory elements include gangsters, love interest, melodramatic flashbacks; not original, but story is sprightly, rapid.	Readable

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIED

BACK NUMBERS

BACK NUMBERS of MAGAZINES at Abraham's Bookstore. 141 Fourth Avenue, New York.

BOOKBINDING

WHAT THE WELL-DRESSED BOOK should wear. A Bennett Binding of Hand-Tooled Imported Leather—Morocco, Levant, or Calf—Modernistic, Period or Conventional Design—According to Date and Content. Bennett Book Studios, Inc., Hand Book-Binders and Wholesale Dealers, 160 East 56th Street, New York City.

FIRST EDITIONS

A CATALOGUE OF FIRST EDITIONS and Children's Classics will be sent on request. Georgia Lingafelt, 410 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago.

FIRST EDITIONS AND GOOD BOOKS. Books by and concerning Walt Whitman. Catalogues on request. Alfred E. Goldsmith, 42 Lexington Avenue, New York.

FIRST EDITIONS, FINE PRESS. CATALOGUES. PHILIP DUSCHNESS, 507 Fifth Avenue, New York.

FAGOTS OF CEDAR (*Bookfellow Edition*) IVAN SWIFT. Limited, signed. *Three dollars, postpaid.* SWIFT, The Palms, DETROIT.

FIRST EDITIONS OF OUTSTANDING books. Catalogue Ready. Charles K. Stotlemeyer, Hancock, Maryland.

FRENCH BOOKS

VISIT OR WRITE THE FRENCH BOOKMAN, 202 West 96th Street, New York. Catalogues, 5 cents (stamps).

The FRENCH BOOK COMPANY, 556 Madison Avenue. "New York's Largest French Bookshop." "Over 500,000 books in stock." Mail orders, information, prompt. Big Catalogue 20c (stamps).

LITERARY CURIOSITIES

DON QUIXOTE'S WINDMILL TILT and nine other Spanish postage stamps commemorating Cervantes, unused, $.30. List stamps honoring famous authors *free.* PAUL R. CARR, 3923 Packard Street, Long Island City, N. Y.

LITERARY SERVICES

MATHILDE WEIL, LITERARY Agent. Books, stories, articles and verse criticized and marketed. Play and scenario department. THE WRITERS' WORKSHOP, INC., 570 Lexington Avenue, New York.

LETITIA S. PENDLETON—Constructive criticism, editing, polishing. Particularly interested new authors. EDITORIAL SERVICE, 17 East 96th Street, New York.

YOUR MANUSCRIPT SHOULD BE sold! This office sells plays, novels, short stories, published books or produced plays for motion pictures. International connections, publications planned. Editor, literary advisor. Grace Aird, Inc., 551 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

MARKET ANALYSIS OF manuscripts without fee. Send for list of demand material. WRITERS' GUILD OF NEW YORK, 225 Fifth Avenue.

MANUSCRIPTS, PLAYS TYPED, edited. Personal assistance. Reasonable. William D. Horgan, 17 Seventh Avenue South, New York. N. Y. Telephone CHelsea 2-7924.

OUT OF PRINT

OUT-OF-PRINT books promptly supplied. National Bibliophile Service, 347 Fifth Avenue, New York.

"SEVEN BOOKHUNTERS," Station H, Box 66, New York. Out-of-print books Reasonably and promptly supplied.

SCHEDULE OF RATES

The ADVERTISING RATES FOR THIS classified page are as follows: For twenty or more consecutive insertions of any copy, minimum twelve words, 6 cents a word each insertion; for any smaller number of insertions 8 cents a word each insertion. Copy may be changed every week. The forms close Friday morning eight days before publication date. Address Department G.H., The Saturday Review of Literature, 25 West 45th Street, New York City, telephone BRyant 9-0896.

The Compleat Collector

Fine Books · First Editions · Fine Typography

"Now cheaply bought for twice their weight in gold."

Conducted by

CARL PURINGTON ROLLINS & JOHN T. WINTERICH

Anniversary

THERE died last month in Tarrytown, New York, Mrs. Martha Jane Odell Morgan, aged one-hundred and two. When she was born Washington Irving was in his forty-eighth year, and among the most precious of Martha Jane Odell's multitude of memories were the visits to Sunnyside, in her pantalette days, of the Sunday-school class of which she was a member and of which Washington Irving was teacher. She was twenty-eight years old when Irving died—and Irving was an ambulant youngster well before George Washington became first President of the United States. What a young republic it is, to be sure.

Mrs. Morgan did not regard her Sunday-school teacher as a potentially great man, and certainly General Washington, at the instant he stroked the locks of the immature pedagogue, could hardly have regarded him as among the potentially great either. Yet in a world in which the old familiar legends keep popping one by one when they do not pop in pairs— in a world which knows that the cherry-tree story is blah, and that Shakespeare was not a poacher, and that Pershing did not say "Lafayette, we are here!" in English or French or Cherokee, and that Lincoln did not tell smutty stories, and that "An Elegy Wrote in a Country Church Yard" was not written in a churchyard, and that the first name of the first European to navigate the Hudson River was not Hendrick, and that Isaac Walton was an indifferent angler, and that Sinclair Lewis did not shake a fist at ecclesiastical rafters and dare God to kill him dead, and that the three card-players who captured André were not drunken deserters, and that Homer was not blind (the burden of proof, at any rate, is on the side of those who say he was)—in a world of recurring negation it is heartening to be assured that George Washington actually did put his hand on the head of the toddling Washington Irving and murmur real if unrecorded words of kindliness.

Pierre Irving's "Life and Letters of Washington Irving" (New York, 1862-4) is not one of the biographies that Tell All, but it tells almost all, and whatever its defects of omission it remains probably the finest biography in English compiled and edited by a near relative of the subject. No biographer of Irving (or, *mutatis mutandis,* of anybody else) will ever improve on the succinct matter-of-factness of the opening paragraph:

> Washington Irving was born in the city of New York, April 3d, 1783. He was the eighth son of William and Sarah Irving, and the youngest of eleven children, three of whom died in infancy. He had four brothers and three sisters who lived to mature age, and whom, as I shall have occasion to speak of them in the course of my narrative, I here name in the order of their birth: William, Ann, Peter, Catharine, Ebenezer, John, Sarah.

The great story—the story that ought to be true and is true—is recited at the end of this first chapter:

> "[George] Washington's work is ended," said the mother, "and the child shall be named after him." The appellation was the means of procuring him an early introduction to that illustrious personage, when he came back to New York, then the seat of Government, as President of the United States. A young Scotch maid servant of the family, struck with the enthusiasm which everywhere greeted his arrival, determined to present the child to his distinguished namesake. Accordingly, she followed him one morning into a shop, and pointing to the lad who had scarce outgrown his virgin trousers: "Please your Honor," said she, "here's a bairn was named after you." In the estimation of Lizzie, for so she was called, few claims of kindred could be stronger than this. Washington did not disdain the delicate affinity, and placing his hand on the head of her little charge, gave him his blessing.

Whose and where was the shop, one wonders, and what was the President about to buy?

Cooked Books Again

SINCE the appearance of the notice of Dr. H. E. Smiley's pamphlet "Books—Shall They Be Sterilized?" in the Compleat Collector for February 25th I have had the privilege of standing before the identical autoclave in which Dr. Smiley subjected his specimens to ordeal by steam. The autoclave is a copper drum about the size of a sugar barrel that roosts on iron-pipe legs at a height convenient for the operator to load and unload it. At first glance, and at last as well, it bears a clumsy resemblance to Samuel Pickwick and George Herman Ruth. When the operator has loaded it—it can easily house a complete set of Charles Paul de Kock—he shuts the door, bears down on a gadget that makes it impossible for the door to open unless it bursts open (which has been known to occur), and turns valves which admit steam under such pressure that hell—a scalding, unillumined, Miltonic hell—immediately becomes payable inside.

It was also my privilege under Dr. Smiley's supervision, to inspect a book which had undergone acute sterilization (non-textual) in the autoclave. It would perhaps be unfair to identify it here, but I can say that it was a contemporary novel of the usual physical dimensions and chemical constituents. It looked pretty sick—not even the most sanguine of cataloguers would have cared to designate it a fair copy. But it was still a book. The covers, though warped, were firmly affixed; the leaves were somewhat damp-curled, but there was little staining. The most interesting phenomenon was that while the steam had caused a rubber-stamp impression on the flyleaf to fuzz and run, the ink of the text was unharmed —the book was as readily readable as if the sheets had just left the press.

Dr. Smiley's findings, as given in his pamphlet, should allay all fear of books as conveyors of disease if the simple precautions which he specifies are taken. But there is much research yet to be done (and an attractive study it ought to make) in the history of the fear of books as vehicles of pestilence since suspicion was first directed toward them—and when may that have been? Holbrook Jackson's "The Fear of Books" has nothing to offer on the topic —Mr. Jackson is concerned with queasinesses inspired by the inwards rather than by the outwards of books, with inherent rather than with acquired potentialities for harm. Nor does he appear to discuss the business in his compendious "Anatomy of Bibliomania"—a statement ventured with reservations, for the "Anatomy" is eminently a dippable book, and I may not have dipped at the right place.

There must somewhere be an allusion—perhaps a multitude of allusions—to the fear of books during the Great Plague of London, but Samuel Pepys seems nowhere to refer to this specific application of the emotion (which statement also is set down with reservations). Under September 20, 1665, Pepys notes that the roster of the stricken has reached 7165, an increase of six hundred in a week—"what a sad time it is to see no boats upon the river; and grass grows all up and down White Hall court, and nobody but poor wretches in the streets!" Yet on October 5th he accepts from John Evelyn a copy of Evelyn's translation of Gabriel Naudé's "Instructions Concerning the Erecting of a Library." And on December 18th, within a week of his noting another increase in the number of sufferers, he "walked as low as Ducke Lane, and enquired for some Spanish books." Yet not until the following February 4th did this most timorous man of his day venture to take his wife to church (though he had often gone alone in the interval)—"it was a frost, and had snowed last night, which covered the graves in the churchyard, so as I was the less afraid of going through."

J. T. W.

CAMBRIDGE BOOKS

EDMUND SPENSER
B. E. C. Davis
A critical study of Spenser, not merely as a weaver of fine phrases, but as a thinker and interpreter of his age. $3.00

A FRENCHMAN IN ENGLAND
1784
The *Mélanges* of
François de la Rochefoucauld
Edited from the MS. by
Jean Marchand
Translated by S. C. Roberts

A SUNDAY EVENING

A charming record of the English ways of life—hunting, tea-drinking, the passion for cleanliness, the gloom of Sunday. Here is the England of 1784 at first hand. $2.50

ITALY IN THE MAKING
1815—1846
G. F.-H. Berkeley
"A compact and lucid narrative, replete with sharp and accurate characterizations." *New York Herald Tribune* $3.25

MACMILLAN

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted this column for things wanted or unwantea; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent; tutoring, travelling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature; expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). Rates 7 cents per word. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

ATTRACTIVE widow, young enough to be gay, old enough to be wise, with wide interests and highest connections, seeks congenial companionship. Write "New York Widow."

WE HAVE an idea! If you pay ten to twelve dollars weekly for your room, why not get a friend who pays the same and both take our apartment on Morningside Drive from May first or fifteenth to September fifteenth for a total of twenty-four dollars weekly? Our Co-operative building enables us to offer this low rent for our five rooms, all outside and overlooking the park. Two bedrooms assure individual privacy. Furnished in Early American, harmoniously decorated—a truly lovely home. Write care *Saturday Review,* T.

RENT — agreeable furnished four-room apartment. Beekman Place neighborhood, plenty of books, very cheap to congenial tenant. May to September. Editor.

FUN-LOVING, single, middle-aged New Yorker, "fed up" with fashionable functions, desires unconventional companionship of personable, youngish woman (preferably petite); brain-wise, withal. Dancing, incidental object. Address "Brooks," *Saturday Review.*

WANTED: 13 vols. Myths of all Races, published by Marshall Jones Co.; complete edition Frazer's Golden Bough. Condition unimportant if text complete. Will pay $10 and express each set. Frost.

DELIGHTFUL, all-year home in the Berkshires owned and occupied by two ladies is open to others having congenial interests. Terms moderate. Box 139.

GIVE YOUR Summer Camp a Mid-Western "flavor" by engaging Iowa girl as counsellor, instructor. College graduate. Fine background. Experienced camper. Exceptional references. Address R, *Saturday Review.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The PHŒNIX NEST

NOW that the beverage is legally available we select a rhyme sent us by *Kenneth S. Alling*, wherewith to hail its advent. He writes:

You have a seidel on your board,
Oh, most far seeing journal,
With which to toast, now beer's restored,
The cousin of the colonel.

The clerks in Schulte's bookstore went on strike against a ten percent cut in wages, which represents, so far as we know, the first literary strike in these United States. Yet we know that the editors and contributors of a certain popular magazine recently experienced the same cut, and that neither the editors nor the contributors went on strike. We belong on the fringes of the poets, and the poets have been villainously underpaid for centuries—but they're in a terrible position. There isn't enough popular demand for their work to make their striking any use! . . .

Says the Oxford University Press, Lysistrata is accented on the second syllable. That ought to be final. We have always accented it on the third, and of course we were wrong. The Oxford Press is publishing *Gilbert Murray's* study of *Aristophanes* on the 13th. Professor Murray opines in his preface that for many years he has "wished quite particularly for Aristophanes, and wondered whether, like the great men who rise from the dead in two of his comedies, he could bring us later generations much help. Could he fight against European war fevers and nationalisms as he fought against those of his own country, facing unpopularity—facing death, if it must be—yet always ready with his gallant laughter and never collapsing into spitefulness or mere self-pity? He might do it, if only the Fascisti and Nazis and Ogpus could refrain from killing him, and the British authorities from forbidding him to land in England."

Well said, Professor Murray, sir! What the present world needs is a good, strong dose of more and more satire! . . .

The Hound & Horn is extending its contest for undergraduates of the United States to June first, in an effort to attract more distinguished contributions than have so far been received. The contest is for the best piece of prose and verse to be received by them from any American undergraduate. There is a prize offered of one hundred dollars for the best short story not to exceed five thousand words, and a prize of fifty dollars for the best piece of verse, not to exceed five pages. Come on, younger generation, see what you can do! . . .

Virginia Hemmingway announces "the new storytellers" (modestly lower-case). Its subtitle is "an informal lab for fictioneers." We think the words "lab" and "fictioneer" are too terrible for words—but words may result. The address is 20 Broad Street, Room 1803. Miss Hemmingway got sick of the "propaganda, empty-headedness, and artifice" of the Village; and we can't exactly blame her. So we suppose her group is encouraging good writing. . . .

Vardis Fisher is writing a tetralogy of a man's life. Doubleday, Doran are going to publish it. The Caxton Printers of Caldwell, Idaho, brought out the first edition of the first novel in this tetralogy several months ago. The title was "In Tragic Life." It had been rejected by a half dozen Eastern publishers as being meat too strong for the tender palates of the public. The second volume will be called "Passion Spins the Plot," the third seems to be as yet untitled, and the fourth will be called "No Villain Need Be." Taking the two famous lines of *George Meredith's* well-known sonnet, and making the necessary analysis of them, we arrive at the conclusion that, obviously, the title of the third volume of the tetralogy must be "God wot!" Well, that's a good title for any book brought out today. It would be a swell title for a book of bitter poems! . . .

Every evening lately, before seeking slumber, we have been reading in the Omnibus volume of Charlie Chan stories by *Earl Derr Biggers*, which we can endorse as a grand bedside-table book. And now we read of Mr. Biggers's death, while still comparatively young, at least to judge by our own age. He is a great loss to American fiction. He did his own kind of writing just about perfectly, and Charlie Chan is one of the greatest detectives created in years. An absolutely original conception. So we deplore Mr. Biggers's passing. . . .

Noel Coward has now finished almost half of the manuscript of his autobiography, and Doubleday, Doran expect to bring out the book next season. No title has been announced, but Mr. Coward has a genius for them, and he'll be sure to get a good one. What amazing energy has this versatile playwright, actor, parodist, composer, and now autobiographer! . . .

Florence Ryerson and *Colin Clements* announce the betrothal of *Freda von Schattenhof* and *Rolf von Asherhof* (both dachshunds, as below). After a honeymoon of three weeks, Frau Schattenhof (née Heinenputz) will return to 1114 Glendon Way, South Pasadena, California. . . .

In "Short Story Hits," Harcourt has a good book for April 20th by *Thomas H. Uzzell*, late fiction editor of *Collier's*, who has been connected with magazine editing, writing, and helping others to write for some years. His "Narrative Technique," which Harcourt also published, is a classic of its kind. In "Short Story Hits" he does not do the "Best Short Stories" stunt over again, but gives us a collection of fine short stories classified and analyzed in a new way. Incidentally he picks one story, "No One My Grief Can Tell," by *Nancy Hale*, a granddaughter of *Edward Everett Hale*,—a story which appeared in *The American Mercury*,—as "the most original and distinguished short story to appear in America in 1932, and possibly in several years." . . .

Last week we promised you *Earle Walbridge's* letter on "The Gold Falcon" which we hear Smith & Haas are to publish over here, and here it is:

> Refreshed and fortified by *Captain C. W. R. Knight's* lecture on falconry, I can now turn to marshalling my internal evidence that *Robert Graves* is the author of "The Gold Falcon, or The Haggard of Love." *Mr. Aley* and *Mr. West* doubtless have their reasons for denying it, although I can't imagine what they are.
>
> If the author of that novel is not Graves, it is a man who has steeped himself to the point of saturation in the details of the latter's personal affairs, and who has read "Good-bye To All That" as many times as I have. I have lent the novel to another enthusiastic Gravesian, and so some of my details may not be precise.
>
> In the first place, Manfred, hero of "The Gold Falcon," is the author of a book called, I believe, "Farewell to Poetry." He is evidently on terms of intimate friendship with *Siegfried Sassoon* and *T. E. Lawrence*, as is Graves (who wrote an excellent book about Lawrence). His unhappy marriage is not a point of importance: it is described fully enough in "Good-bye To All That." In Graves's book, "But It Still Goes On," there is (p. 73) a wrestling match which is reproduced almost exactly in "The Gold Falcon." Graves was disgusted, so was Manfred. The first chapter in "But It Still Goes On" ("P.S. To 'Good-Bye To All That' ") sets forth exactly Manfred's point of view on the English public school system, and his reflections on the reception given his book by hostile critics. It was news to me that Graves has been over on this side at all, much less eaten large oysters here at the Harvard Club, but evidently he has.
>
> It will require publishers' advertisements much larger than those which failed to convince *Alexander Woollcott* that "*Francis Iles*" is not *E. M. Delafield* cum *Anthony Berkeley*, to convince me that the author of "The Gold Falcon" is not Robert Graves.

Here is *Seward Collins's* new venture, *The American Review*, formerly *The Bookman* It is published at 19th & Federal Streets, Camden N. J., or you can apply to 386 Fourth Avenue. It is forty cents a copy or four dollars a year. This is for ten issues. It is not to be published in July or August. It has been founded "to give greater currency to the ideas of a number of groups and individuals who are radically critical of conditions prevalent in the modern world, but launch their criticism from a 'traditionalist' basis: from the basis of a firm grasp on the immense body of experience accumulated by men in the past, and the insight which this knowledge affords." . . .

THE PHŒNICIAN.

The MONSTER is growing!

Overnight the Werewolf has supplanted Dracula as the classic figure of horror. Whirling presses strike off four large printings in fourteen days. The public devours 3000 copies a week and calls for more. "Quietly monstrous," gloats Alexander Woollcott; and Will Cuppy of the Herald-Tribune flies shrieking before the monster's dripping fangs. Now at your bookstore

THE WEREWOLF OF PARIS
by Guy Endore

"The reader who wishes to sup full of horrors will find enough of them in this extremely gory tale." —N. Y. Times. *"Read the whole book through from cover to cover and then look under the bed before turning in. Brrrrrrr---werewolves!"*—Harry Hansen. *"A crescendo of philosophical horror!"*—Lewis Gannett.

4th big printing in 14 days

$2 FARRAR & RINEHART

A Remarkable Adaptation for Younger Readers

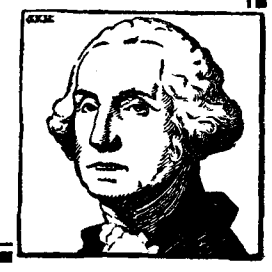
The JUNIOR OUTLINE of HISTORY

By I. O. EVANS by permission of H. G. WELLS

The Pageant of the Ages Brought Down to Date in a Simplified and Graphic Form

An entirely new book, following the general plan of the famous Wells volume, simplifying difficult words and ideas and carrying world history up-to-date. The most interesting and permanently valuable of today's books for young people. *Fully Illustrated.* This is an Appleton Book. $2.00

D. APPLETON AND COMPANY
35 West 32nd Street New York



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED